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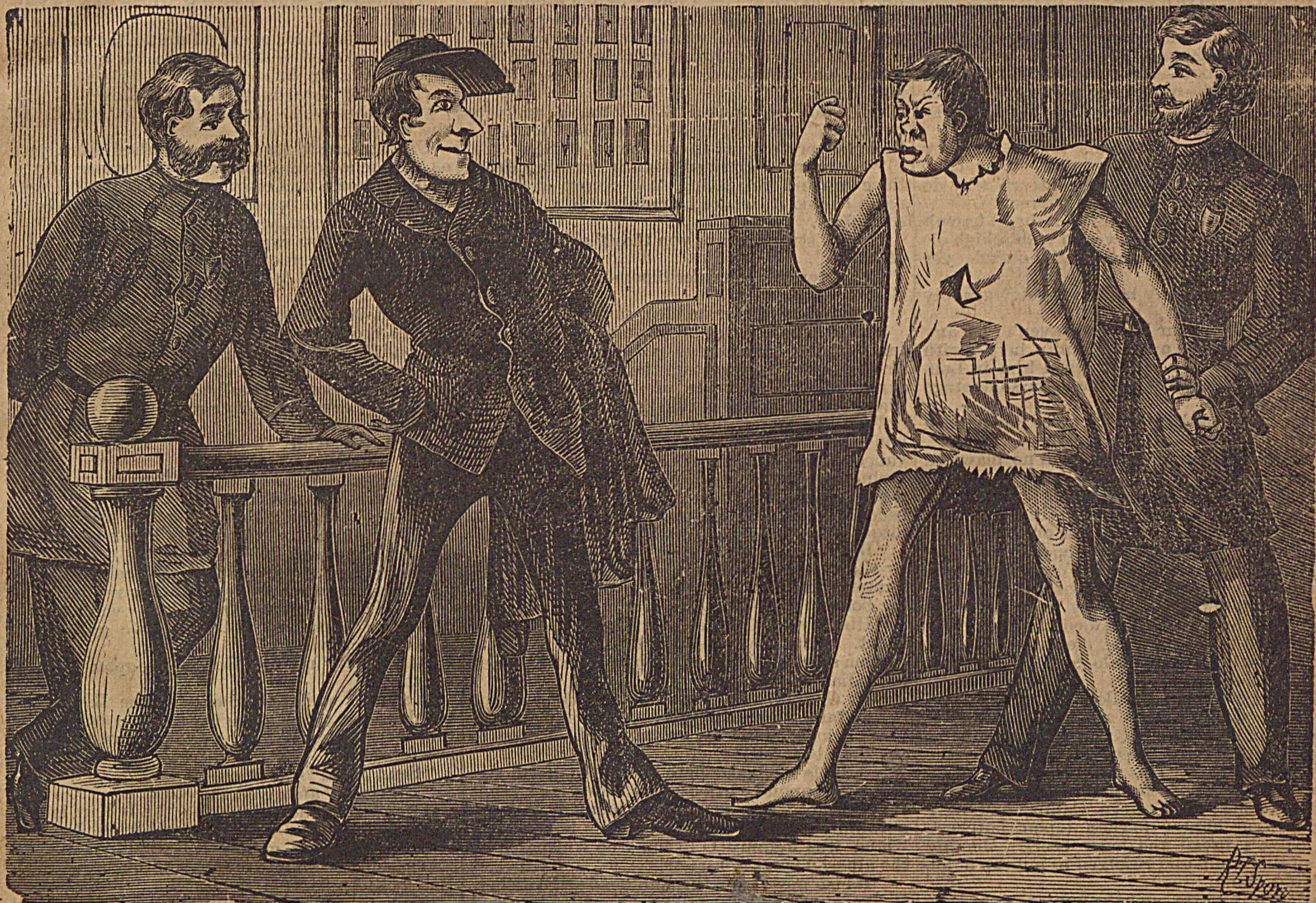
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No. 266.

An English Boy in America.

(Continued from Wide Awake Library, No. 265.)



"Me?" ejaculated Bob. "Oh, s'elp me tater. Vy, Jemmy, h'old cove, yer don't think as 'ow I'd go an' play a trick on yer, do yer?"

CHAPTER I.

GOING UP IN THE WORLD.

In lieu of going down, our hero found himself ascending.

"Here, stop der ole thing!" he cried. "It's going der wrong way!"

"Oh, shut up!" said the ticket-taker; "where do you think you are?"

"In der Polly-teck-nick divin'-bell. Ain't I?" cried Bob.

"Not much," chuckled the man. "You're in the mammoth elevator, going on to the roof of the Main Building."

"Oh, by George!" gasped Bob, "you h'Americans do beat h'all."

When they arrived on the top floor, the conductor opened the door and Bob found himself on the roof of the building.

"Vell, s'elp me tater!" he ejaculated. "Ve're h'up in the h'air."

Following the crowd, he mounted to a sort of platform, when a man accosted him, saying:

"Would you like to take a peep through the Centennial telescope?"

Bob nodded and was presently peering through a glass, on the end of which a boy, who was standing near, had slyly stuck a wet fly.

"In the distance," said the owner of the glass, "you can see New York, Boston and Maine." Then whispering to our hero, continued, "would you like to view the Falls of Niagara?"

"Thankee," nodded Bob; "but what's that thing I see; a h'alligator?"

The exhibitor examined the lens, then wiped off the fly, saying:

"If you boys play any more tricks on me, I'll chuck some of you off the roof," after which he turned the telescope toward the sky, then said to Bob, "now, young man, take a peep at Niagara."

"It's all mist," said our hero, quitting the eyepiece.

"One dollar," demanded the man.

"Wot for?"

"For looking through my double-gas-magnifying chromatic telescope," snarled the man; "gol dern you, do you imagine I trucked this heavy masheen up here for your amusement?"

"Pony up," said the boys.

"Yes, pony up, London Bob," cried a well known voice behind him, and turning he beheld his steamship friend, Jemmy O'Brien.

"Wot, Jemmy, h'old pal!" he cried; "vy, s'elp me tater, who'd h'a t'ort 'ov seein' yer at der Centennial," with which he shook his friend's hand.

"Wot's der difficulty with yez?" said Jemmy, after they had chatted awhile.

"Vy, I've bin peepin' at New York, an' Boston, an' Niagara Falls," said Bob, "an' dis bloke wants me ter pay him a dollar. It's as much as his ole tallow-scoop is worth."

Jemmy came to his friend's assistance, and told the telescope man he was a fraud, whereupon the latter hit out and caught our hero a rouser on the nose.

"A fight—a fight!" cried the delighted boy spectators, while the adult ones cleared out.

"Yer 'it me, vill you!" snorted Bob, pulling off his coat and dancing up to the man; then squaring off, landed a napper on the fellow's "bread bag."

"I sekind yer!" shouted Jemmy. "Sock it inter him! Give him gin an' ginger."

The telescope man was no match for Bob, who quickly brought him to terms, after which to the amusement of the boys, who loudly cheered him, he fastened the man's telescope to the halliards of a flag-pole, then hoisted it, saying:

"Now, ef yer want ter see Niaggery, New York and Bostang, shin up dere an' jerk down yer ole thingumbob—savvy?" with which, tying the halliards to the top of the pole, he slid down and walked off with Jemmy, leaving the telescope man cursing in several languages.

"Well, me bhoy," said his friend, as they seated themselves in the elevator, "how have yez been doin' since I saw yez land? an' why do yez wear a cap like a base ball player?"

"Ah, s'elp me tater," grinned Bob; "Ikawn't hardly tell yer, Jemmy. I've 'ad sich a high ole time! This h'exhibition is h'awful on 'ats, yer know."

"Have yez killed any buffaloes yet?" gravely inquired the wag.

"No," answered our hero; "I 'aven't seen any yet—but I've got me a 'unting-knife here," with which he produced a bowie, given him in London—a tremendous weapon made for some stage Indian-killer.

"Took any skelps yet?" slyly demanded Jemmy.

"No," said Bob. "I ain't seen no blawsted Injines, yer know."

"What! didn't yez see 'm walking down Broadway?" cried Jemmy. "Yez Britishers always talks av New York as if it was on the prairie. Yez ought to hev kept yer eyes open. Dere' lot's av Injuns at de big wigwam in Fourteenth street—Tammany chiefs an' whiskey-skins. Oh, begorra, yez didn't half do New York;" then as they arrived on the floor, added, mysteriously: "Come out into the grounds, me bhoy; I'll show yez where ye kin see a buffalo, an' if yez got de piuck, can take a skelp."

"No lawks," demanded Bob.

"Devil a wan," calmly replied Jemmy, adding, in an undertone: "It won't be a lark for yez, me swate greeny," then pulling Bob by the sleeve, whispered: "This way, me bhoy."

In a retired part of the ground, some Buffalo Bills had formed a "Western Camp," and were living in true hunter fashion (upon butcher's meat, baker's bread and lager beer). Jemmy knew of this camp and resolved to put up a job on his old chum.

The day was warm, and the hunters were lazily smoking in their hammocks, so the boys found them at home.

"See here, boss," said Jemmy, winking at the dead hunter, a Baxter street ranger, who had allowed his hair to grow like a woman's, and had dressed himself in a buckskin suit, loaned by a circus clown, "this yer bhoy," winking again and pointing at Bob, "is a blarsted Britisher, who wants ter take an Injun scalp or two, or kill a buffalo," winking again; "un'stan'?"

The long-haired hunter half arose in his hammock, then, scowling at Bob in a very ferocious manner, demanded, in a hoarse, theatrical voice:

"Cans't thou use the unerring rifle—draw a bead on a b'ar at three thousand yards, and shewt him through the pip of his eye—hey?"

"Vell," smilingly returned our hero, winking at Jemmy, "I don't know as 'ow I kin 'it a blooming boojum in the h'eye—but I kin stick 'im with my bowie—by George!"

Just then, another beat, who was dressed to represent "Coyote Sam, the Scalper of Sonora," aroused himself, saying:

"Stranger, I opine yer would like ter raise h'ar! In the woods, behind this ranchero, lurks a savage, catawampus red—he seeks skelps! Would you win immortal fame—transmit your emblazoned name to everlasting posterity—seek him, and—skelp him! I have spoken!"

"Look here, by George!" demanded Bob, who began to think that they charged for everything. "Wot's ter p'y?"

"If your unerring rifle levels the bounding buffalo," said the first hunter who had spoken, "we charge two hundred dollars, an' keep the skin an' meat."

Here he paused; and, turning away his face, got rid of a smile, then added:

"Wal, stranger, are ye thar?"

CHAPTER II.

SCALP HUNTING.

LITTLE did London Bob imagine that he was being guyed.

Like thousands of Englishmen, he, in his heart, believed that, mixed up with our civilization, we have red men and buffaloes, Parawaus waltzing around the New York gin mills, and the bounding bull roaring rampageously over our land.

Bob was no fool; he was merely misinformed.

"Two hundred dollars!" he murmured. "Wot der yer charge ter let a bloke take a skelp?"

"Ten dollars," said the second hunter, the renowned Coyote Sam, whose real name was Sammy Bloxam, while Jimmy O'Brien glanced upwards and whistled, in order to keep from laughing.

"Ten dollars," mused Bob; "that's the price ov a 'at," adding, in a thoughtful tone: "I thought yer vos glad to hev der reds killed off?"

"Scuse me," groaned Jimmy, rushing from the camp and retreating to a clump of brushwood behind it, where he indulged in a prolonged guffaw.

"Wall, stranger, are you thar?" growled Coyote Sam.

"Pay ven you gets der blooming skelp?" said Bob.

The mighty hunter nodded, saying:

"Wait here. I will scout until I see the lithe form of the treacherous red man, stealing, in sinuous workings, among the forest trees that surround the backside of our prairie home. Then will I give the shrill signal of the borderer," placing two of his fingers in his mouth and whistling. "Then, stranger, steal forth: advance with bated breath and glittering blade; spring upon the foe—grasp his scalp-lock—cut neatly around the ruffian's brow," and making a peculiar noise with his teeth and tongue. "Ko-hisque—flop—and the bleeding trophy is yours."

"Brave—o—Icks!" cried Bob, carried away by the "Dime Novel" description of the mighty hunter. "Brave—o—Icks! I'll skelp der blooming boojum! Yes, by George!"

"Hist!" said Coyote, motioning him to be silent. "Not a word—not a breath!"

Then stealing forth, as though about to track an Indian, he vanished.

"By George!" whispered Bob to the owner of the buffalo, "h'aint he 'ell on chinnin'? Vy, he beats Icks at der Vic., an' my fawther used to say 'Icks beat 'ell!'"

In a little while our hero heard the shrill signal, whereupon he grasped his bowie and crept after Coyote Bill, never for a moment noticing a rapidly gathering crowd to his left, among whom was Jemmy O'Brien, who whispered to the amused spectators:

"Whist now; see the bull headed Britisher. We've guyed him to try an' take Bloody-nosed Mick's scalp."

Bloody-nosed Mick was a Ninth Ward repeater, engaged by the sham hunters to represent a Sioux Indian, and who, having had his "cue" from Coyote Sam, was ready for the racket.

He was painted and feathered like one of those wooden reds placed at the doors of segar stores, and certainly looked very ferocious; but Bob, who was bent on taking home a scalp, was by no means scared.

Mick, on seeing our hero, dropped on all fours, and crawled towards a faucet, set in a paving stone and labeled, "Indian Spring," while Coyote Sam went around among the amused spectators, holding out his hat, saying:

"Subscription towards the performance of frontiersman scalping an Overshoe Indian!"

The quarters rattled in after a lively fashion; the crowd seeing that fun was in store for them.

Bob spotted his victim, set his teeth, and dropping upon his hands and knees, started after the red, who was murmuring:

"Come on, yer derved snoozer," while the merry crowd, led by Jemmy O'Brien, yelled:

"Three cheers for London Bob."

It never occurred to our hero that he was making an ass of himself.

Wasn't he in America, the land of the red man?

"Yes, by George!"

Finding that the gravel of "the prairie" cut the knees of his pants, he half arose; then thrusting his knife, crossways, between his teeth, crept towards his victim.

Mick waited until Bob was right on to him, then turned and uttering an Irish whoop, intended for an Indian war-cry, and answering to a dot, dropped his befeathered head and butted his would-be scalper fair in the stomach, after which, grasping him by the hip, he back-threw our hero, and landed him slap in the Indian spring.

Deeming that his end was near, Bob remained as still as though he were dead, while Mick, flourishing a stage tomahawk, yelled:

"Clan-na-gael! Tammany—wirrah—woop!" then rushed at him and began to chop all around the spring.

"Oh, by George!" moaned our hero; "h'it's h'all h'up with Bob. I shall never see Vitechapel agin," when, with a yell and a flourish, Coyote and the other "hunter" came running towards him, firing their rifles, and shouting:

"Rah—rah—rah!" hearing which the Indian scooted.

Bob buttoned his eyes and pretended to be insensible; so Coyote lifted him in his arms, and, amid terrific applause from the delighted crowd, carried him towards the camp, yelling:

"Saved—saved! Coyote Sam never fails on the warpath!"

Unfortunately for the long-haired hero, just as he reached camp, his pard, the owner of the buffalo, fired a wad into the brave Coyote's back, whereupon he dropped Bob, and clapping both hands behind him, yelling to his assailant:

"You gol-dern careless fool; you've shot me. This made the crowd roar with laughter.

"It was only a wad, Sammy," said the other hunter.

"Wad be hanged," groaned Coyote. "It's made a hole in my hide."

"Bah!" shouted the crowd.

Bob arose on his hands and knees and crawled into the wigwam, where he found Sam in a corner, busily engaged in digging the wad out of his skin.

"Are yer badly wounded?" whispered our hero.

"Yes, gol-dern yer, an' all through yer, yer cussed idiot!" snarled Coyote.

"I—I'm h'awful h'obliged ter yer fur savink me life," said Bob. "Von't yer come somevere an' 'ave somethink?"

The hunter's form relaxed and, re-arranging his buckskin garments, he smilingly replied:

"Look a here, young feller, if yer want ter der thing handsome, send fur two gallons of lager. Mick will go."

"All right," nodded Bob, whereupon Coyote whistled.

In a little while the owner of the B. D. entered, and at a hint from Coyote, our hero gave him three dollars with which to procure a "hunter's feast."

"Send Mick," said Sam.

"All right," answered the other.

After a short delay, in came the Indian, laden with lager and a dish of sandwiches, Jemmy O'Brien following, grinning, behind him.

On seeing the noble red man acting as waiter, Bob looked mad.

"What's matter?" inquired Coyote, handing him a mug of lager.

"Matter," growled Bob, "vy, I see the 'hole biz h'is a bloomin' sell! It's like the Turks and Turkies in der main building. By George, yer h'Amerikins beat h'all. That blawsted boojum ain't a h'Injun. By George, I'm sold agin."

"Bejabbers an' that's true," said the Indian. "Here's to yez, London Bob."

CHAPTER III.

BOB MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"I've 'ad enough ov der Centennial fer ter day," said Bob, as he quitted the hunter's camp. "I say, Jemmy, didn't you know that vos a bloomin' swindle?"

"Me!" ejaculated the swindling boy—"me! Begob, I was as much sowl as yez!"

"Are there h'any red h'Injuns in h'Ameriky, by George?" demanded our hero, who began to think everything was a sell. "Are there h'any buffaloes, or h'is it h'all a bleeding boojum?"

"Oh, bejabbers, yez should go out west!" said Jemmy. "Yez would find 'em plentifuler then bugs in a London bed."

"By George!" murmured Bob, "I'd rather h'v a London bug ticklin' my hide den dem dere musket—heers—blawst 'em! Yer kin kitch a bug, but, s'elp me tater, yer keant 'it a wot-ye-call-'em!"

"Come an' try some av the great American delicacy, pop-corn," said his chum, leading the way to the mammoth corn-popper, about which a crowd of boys and girls had gathered.

Placing themselves in a good spot near the big popper, they watched the process of manufacture.

Some years ago an enterprising American introduced pop-corn into London, but it never took the Cockney taste, and to-day, in the British Museum, a cake or square of sugared pop is exhibited, labeled:

"POP CORN."

"An American production, much used by negroes in the southern states."

So much for our English cousins' knowledge of our delicious preparation of "busted maize."

From the foregoing it will easily be understood that Bob did not know what pop-corn was. He stood, stared at the popper, and murmured:

"S'elp me tater, vot's that vite vool?"

"Pop-corn," said Jemmy.

"Pop 'ell!" muttered our hero. "Corn is veat, an' that's like little buttons."

The man who ran the popper winked at him, saying:

"Yer don't git any ov dis in Vitechapel—hey, Bob? Have yer furgot me?"

"Wot, Slippery Dick, der pie-man?" cried our hero, putting out his hand. "Vy, s'elp me tater, 'ow are yer—'ow long yer bin here?"

"Scuse me shakin' 'ands until I gits through wid dis pop," said Dick, who was an old pal of Bob's. "Try some of this stuff, it's bully."

Bob purchased a quart, then, halving it between himself and Jemmy, placed a pinch in his mouth and tasted, but presently spit it out again, saying:

"By George, it tastes like scorched nothin'."

"It's good," said Jemmy.

"Here, take my share," smilingly observed our hero. "H'if I wants a luxury, give me a penworth ov scorch peas; this stuff is all husk."

"Try some paynuts," suggested Dick, who could not avoid laughing at his chum's greenness. "Come back and see me before you quit for the night."

"Missus wid yer?" inquired Bob.

"Yes," nodded Dick. "You'll find her at vun ov our stalls in the Main Building, dressed as the Genius ov h'Ammerikin Liberty."

"Vy don't dey hire a h'Ammerikin gal?" asked our hero, as they moved towards the champion peanut-roasting apparatus.

"Well, yer see," chuckled Jemmy, "the fact is the Amerikin ladies don't care to go into a place where they have to work from seven until seven, besides, I've heerd dat the Amerikin januses of Ameriky looked so awful killin', an' get married so fast, dat der pop-corn man was obliged to engage an English woman."

"By George!" grinned Bob, not seeing the joke, "that's complimentary ter h'England."

"Yes," chuckled Jemmy, "nobody wants to marry thim, bekase they're already hitched."

"Oh, go on," growled Bob. "Missis Dick Sidders ain't got der h'itch. I've knowed her ever since she vos a kid."

"Oh!" roared Jemmy. "Be me sowl, Bob, ye'll kill me. I didn't say she had der itch. Saints forbid."

"All right," grunted our hero, who was still ignorant of the meaning of the word "hitched," adding in a mysterious whisper: "I've 'ad it, though, h'awful—andlin' dirty coppers."

"Here's the paynuts," said his friend, desirous of changing the subject.

"Vy, blow me, dey looks like monkees' 'eds," said Bob. "Vy, I knows these fakements, dey sells 'em in Covent Garden; calls 'em ground nuts dere."

"Shows their derved ignorance," said Jemmy, who did not know that was one of the names given to the nut.

Bob purchased a quart, and sharing them with his chum, started for the Main Building to see Mrs. Slippery Dick, or Mrs. Sidders, as she was properly called.

After hunting about awhile they discovered her, dressed in a gorgeous suit made out of an American flag, and wearing a red cap of liberty; when, to the amusement of the spectators, Bob drew off a pace or two from her, and moving his head first on one side, and then on the other, cried:

"Vy, Missis Sidders, h'ain't yer a bloomin' toff?"

Whereupon she replied:

"Vy, London Bob, 'ow do you do?"

It was perfectly horrible to hear them slaughter their H's, and the crowd looked on and gasped at the murder.

"'Ow long 'ave yer been 'ere?" cried our hero.

"Since the h'opening," she smilingly replied; "'ow's h'all the folks at 'ome?"

"H'all vell," grinned Bob; "vy, s'elp me tater, yer looks like yer sister 'Arriet, vot vos in der ballet at der h'old Shoreditch."

"She's h'in h'Ammeriky, now," laughingly answered the lady; "she's got a h'engagement h'as h'a h'Italian primereuse, at Booth's Theater, New York."

"Wot's her line?" inquired our hero.

"Balley," said Mrs. Sidders. "Oh, she dances 'eavenly now, Bob; she kin kick 'igher than yer 'ead."

"By George!" he grinned, "von't she 'it der toffs. She h'always vos a rawsper; wot play does she h'appear h'in?"

"Sardine-apple-ole-hoss!" said the lady; "it's a h'English piece; they say the costooms is puf-fectly 'eavenly."

"Like der h'angels," grinned Bob; "a yard of v'ite cotton an' good deal of trumpet, hey?"

"Don't be vicked, Bob," returned the lady, adding, as the signal for closing began: "There goes the 'orn. Thank goodness, vorks h'over for to-day," with which she drew some curtains about the stand, then, after making a rustling noise within, presently emerged as plain Mrs. Sidders.

In a short time, Dick came up to them, and, bidding Jemmy good-day, they started for Philadelphia.

"Come and dine with us," said Mrs. S., when they alighted from the car.

"No, yer come an' hev some grub with me," said Bob; so they proceeded to his hotel, where, seating themselves, he observed:

"Ve'll 'ave a h'old h'English dinner."

"Oh, no," said the lady, "order vot's going."

When the waiter-girl came, our hero winked at her, saying:

"Three ov wot's goin', an' be sharp!"

"How?" snapped the girl.

"How? vy, on plates an' dishes," he snarled, adding, as he smiled: "By George, I never shall learn this h'American lingo; they says 'ow v'en they means vot."

The waitress was duly instructed by Mrs. Sidders, and presently returned with a full tray; among the dishes being raw tomatoes, sweet corn and sweet potatoes.

The Sidders sailed in, but nothing would induce Bob to taste the tomatoes or corn.

"No, not fur Robert," he murmured; "not them red things, by George; them's pizen!"

"Do try some of this corn," pleaded Mrs. S.; but our hero only shook his head, saying:

"Oh, no; Bob ain't no shanghai rooster, by George!"

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING COCKY WATKINS.

Bob ended his meal, then turned to his friends, saying:

"Look 'ear, vot yer say ter goin' ter the theater?"

"I'm willing," replied the popcorn artist, and in a few moments they were on their way to the "Arch."

Procuring balcony tickets, they mounted aloft, and, having provided themselves with some peanuts, began to chat and chew.

"S'elp me tater," murmured Bob, "ain't it 'ot hup 'ere?" with which he yanked off his coat, and was folding it in order to sit upon it, when his chum said:

"Don't do that, Bob, it ain't the style herc."

"By George! I don't care," said our hero. "I'm h'English—I kin sit in my shirt sleeves if I like, by George!"

Just then the curtain rang up, and the play, "David Crockett," began.

Bob sat and watched it without saying anything until Davy barred the door with his arm and fought the wolves, when he sprang to his feet, crying:

"Ang on, Davy! Sock it inter 'em. 'It 'em

in the h'eyes—give 'em fits. Go it, me bloomin' keovey, I'll see yer through. 'It dey're blawsted noses. Slam in—yer a boojum. Go it."

"Here, yer sit down, won't yer?" growled a Philadelphia plug-ugly who was seated behind him, but Bob kept it up, shouting:

"Go it, David, old cock. Hold on a minute; I'll come down and help yer." Then, rushing from the balcony he descended the steps, and thrusting his head in at the window of the ticket office, yelled: "'Ere, vere's der door ter der bloomin' stage? Dem blawsted wolves has scooped der supper, an' are playin' 'ell wid Dave."

The ticket seller was in the act of sorting a set of tickets when our hero burst in upon him.

Seizing a bludgeon, kept in case of an attempt to rob the office, the man dealt Bob a rouser on the head, crying:

"Yer derved galoot—git! Who the blazes are you—a lunatic?"

Bob hauled off then, darting in his left, fetched the man a regular sneezer on the conk, shouting:

"Vy, don't yer know me? I'm London Bob—take that."

"Take that," screamed the man, giving him a jaw lifter; then, starting an alarm, rang for the police.

"Halloo!" growled a cop, who presently came puffing in; "what's matter?"

"Vot's matter!" moaned our hero, wiping his streaming nose, "vot's matter! Vy, dat blawsted boojum 'it me on the 'ead, an' h'almost knocked my h'eye h'out."

"Run him in!" excitedly observed the ticket-seller.

Bob's friend having a lady to see to, had not followed him, so the cockney was the under dog in the fight.

The cops began to handle him roughly, and as Bob was by no means a coward, he let out right and left; however, it availed him little, for in ten minutes he found himself in a police cell.

"By George," he murmured, as he sat up, rubbed his bruises, "if dis yer's goin' ter der h'exhibition, Bob's had 'bout enough h'ov it. Fust, my 'ed is punched, an' then I'm histed under der jaw an' lifted under der ear. By George, it's a 'ell ov a place! I'll cut it, slope for 'ome. Give me h'old h'England; dis ain't no blawsted place fur Bobby. I tort I vos up ter snuff, but dese h'Americans licks me," with which he curled himself and settled down to sleep.

Presently the door of the cell was opened, and a big, bulky rowdy was thrust in.

It being Centennial time, the police had no opportunity of thoroughly searching the ordinary prisoners, so the man had contrived to secrete a knife.

"Halloo," he growled, stumbling over Bob.

"Who the blazes are you?"

London Bob raised his swollen features and regarding the new-comer, said:

"Vot the 'ell is that ter yer?"

"Why, yer an h'Englishman, ain't yer?" said the fellow.

"Yes, by George!" snarled Bob, "h'I'm h'English, but 'ow everybody knows I h'am staggers me."

"I'm glad ter see yer; I'm h'English," observed the thief. "Give me yer 'and, me boy, my name is Cocky Watkins."

"Vy, s'elp me tater, yer don't say?" cried Bob, extending his flipper. "I knows yer gal at the Greasy Pig, Vitechapel; she's a reglar stunner."

"Yes," nodded the brute, who did not care a red for the young woman; "what's yer name?"

"London Bob," answered our hero; "I vos in der coster line; yer gal told me dat yer lived in Sing Sing, an' I vos goin' ter look yer up."

The man uttered a low, sinister laugh, then said:

"Don't yer know that Sing Sing is a jug?"

"Is it?" replied our hero; "wot, a lag crib?"

"Yea," answered Cocky.

Bob scratched his head; he was honest, and despised a fellow who was a thief.

After a pause, he said:

"Wot vos yer misfortin?"

"Well, yer see," said Cocky. "I was 'ard up, an' von evening I cum across a h'old cove with a gold ticker, an' my 'and run up agin it, an'—"

here he paused and laughed, then added: "Yer conteever?"

"Yes," said the boy; "yer a blawsted fakir."

"Not?" yelled the man, springing to his feet.

"Oh, yer keant bounce me, by George!" said Bob, scrambling into a perpendicular position. "I ain't afraid ov yer."

The thief blustered awhile, then, pretending that he had been joking, said:

"Come we all has our misfortun's. I've tried

ter keep square, but they won't let me," with which he began to snivel.

Bob felt sorry for him, and said so, whereupon he told him a long yarn, and so played on his feelings that our hero began to pity him.

About twelve o'clock Bob fell off to sleep, but Cocky Watkins kept what he termed "one eye open."

As the prison bell tolled out two, Watkins arose, and creeping toward Bob, began to search him.

He knew that English emigrants usually wear their money in a belt secured about the waist.

By fanning the sleeper with his hat, he kept him slumbering.

At length he discovered the belt, and unbuttoning Bob's coat and vest, was cutting a hole in the boy's shirt when his victim awoke.

"Wot yer h'at?" snarled our hero, when, raising his knife, the thief drove it into the boy's side; then, grasping him by the throat, proceeded to choke him.

CHAPTER V.

BOB STARTS FOR NEW YORK.

THE thief did his best to fix London Bob, but the latter struggled like a little man.

Luckily the point of the knife had entered the chamois-skin belt, and struck into a cluster of gold pieces, thus saving his skin.

Bob writhed and twisted, and finally succeeded in getting one of Cocky's hands in his mouth.

Setting his teeth hard until he almost bit off his assailant's finger, he presently compelled the thief to let up and release him.

As he did this the officers entered the cell, saying:

"Here, what's the row?"

"Der bloke has got der jim-jams, an' has tried to kill me," said Bob.

"Bulldoze him," said one of the cops; and presently Cocky was laid out and bounced into a dark cell.

"Blow meetin' yer feller countrymen," murmured the boy, as the door was swung to on him. "I'd rather trust a h'Ammerrikin than a h'escaped h'Englishman, by George!"

About ten o'clock that morning he was taken before the police justice.

As the ticket seller would not appear against him, he was discharged, the official saying:

"Young man, you have had a narrow escape; take my advice, quit Philadelphia and return to London."

"S'elp me tater, I vill," he murmured, as he made his bow to the beak. "I vant ter see New York," with which he sloped out of the court and went back to his hotel.

Packing his Centennial beaver in his trunk, Bob paid his bill, and shouldering his baggage, stepped aboard a street car, the conductor of which was busily engaged

"Punching with care
In the presence of
The passin'are,"

so did not notice him.

"Here, shoot that box!" cried the passengers, as our hero plumped his trunk on to the seat.

"This ain't an express wagon."

Bob never moved a muscle.

"Here," growled the conductor, giving the strap a jerk, "off yer go with that coffin!"

Bob did not stir.

Grasping the trunk by its cord, the man endeavored to lug it off the seat, but Bob prevented him, saying:

"I'll pay fur it," same as for a passenger.

"I don't care," snarled the man. "I'm going to yank it out; this ain't no express waggin."

"I tell yer I'll pay fur it, yer blawsted Jack!" cried Bob. "It only takes the room of one person. By George, I'd like ter see yer move it."

"Turn him out!" chorussed the passengers.

Bob saw that the odds were against him, so he yielded; and, shouldering his baggage, descended.

"Le'me express it ter the depot for yer!" said a man who was driving an old trap marked:

"CENTENNIAL EXPRESS,
SAM SWEATMAN."

"Yer'll carry it sure?" demanded Bob.

"There's my card," said the fellow, handing him a greasy ticket.

Bob glanced at it, then asked:

"Ow much will yer charge ter take it ter the Pensil-waynee Central depot?"

"Fifty cents!" replied the bum, who was the deadiest of dead beats, and a bogus expressman. "Come, I'm in a hurry. Shall I take yer trunk?"

"Yes," answered our hero, for the day was blazing hot.

Loading it upon his trap, the fellow said:

"Come, pay me fifty cents."

"Not till yer delivers it," grinned the boy; "ow do I know yer won't prig it? No, I'll pay ven I gets it at the depot!"

The man glanced at him, then said:

"Well—I'll trust you."

Saying which, he mounted his conveyance and drove off.

As he was vanishing, Jemmy O'Brien came rushing across the street, shouting:

"Bob, yez haven't given that beat yer trunk, have yez?"

"Yes," nodded our hero.

"You don't say?" cried Jemmy; "come along, chum—we must get it back;" then started after Sweatman, Bob following at a trot.

Luckily the road was crowded with vehicles, so the thief was soon overtaken.

Springing into the back of the wagon, the lads seated themselves on the trunk.

"Here—I don't carry passengers!" yelled the man; "git out of this!"

"Not much," said Jemmy; "you're going ter carry us, my honey-bud."

"May I be derved if I do!" said the man, halting his horse.

Giving him a yank backwards, the lads seized his hands and secured him; then, to the amusement of the lookers-on, grasped the reins, and turning the horse's head, drove towards the depot.

They arrived just in time for the train to New York, and quitting the seat, unloaded the trunk, and released the man, saying:

"Git, yer bloomin' snoozer."

"Where's an officer?" shouted the bum, who, up to that time, had kept silent.

"Oh, dry up, you old rum-sucker," cried Jemmy.

Then turning to Bob, inquired:

"Got yer ticket? I'm goin' back on the same train wid yez."

Our hero nodded.

In a little while they were on board the cars, which were crowded with folks going home from the Centennial.

About half way to New York, as the friends were chatting, they experienced a tremendous shock, and presently found themselves turned over and over.

The car had rolled down an embankment.

For some moments they remained all in a heap at the far end of the vehicle.

Presently Bob emerged from the jam, and after feeling himself in order to ascertain whether he was injured, said:

"S'elp me tater, wot yer call dis, by George?"

"Oh, this ain't nothin'," merrily replied Jemmy. "Nobody killed, thanks to the patent brakes."

They crawled out of the windows, and when they were safely landed, our hero said:

"I'm blowed if h'America don't beat h'England; vy yer has h'accidents dat don't kill people."

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH BOB WINS A HOUSE AND LOT.

JEMMY'S statement proved true, as no one had been killed by the accident, and after some delay, the passengers were transferred to fresh cars, and were once more rushing towards New York.

After they passed Trenton, a candy-package agent entered the train, and noticing that Bob was green, offered him a Centennial prize box.

"I never h'eats candy," observed our hero.

"Don't yer want ter win a prize?" demanded the boy. "These packages contain various prizes, ranging from a ten cent stamp to a hoss and buggy."

Bob grinned, then said:

"Yer take me fur a blawsted donkey, hey?"

"Oh, it's all O. K., Bob," whispered Jemmy O'Brien, tipping the candy-man a wink. "I once knew a man who won a house and lot in a prize-candy package."

"Ow the blazes did dey get der 'ouse into a package?" grinned Bob.

"Och, yez green gander," said Jemmy. "Sure, yez don't think dey put the house in the package."

"No, by George," knowingly replied our hero; then lowering his voice, said: "Ain't dese packages h'all a derved stall?"

"I only tell yez what I know," quickly answered Jemmy.

Bob arose in his seat, dived his right hand into his pocket, and pulling out a roll of notes, select-

ed a dollar bill, saying, in a loud voice, so as to attract attention:

"Give me four ov yer blawsted pack-er-gis; vile I'm a doin' der toff I may as vell do it 'ansom'."

Everyone in the car arose, and as the prize-package agent handed the boy four small parcels, they all sniggered.

Bob took the packages, then seating himself began to tear them open.

There was a lot of paper about them.

This added to the mystery.

While he was stripping off the wrappers, the agent shouted:

"Sold again—sold again and got the money. Here's an example for you, feller citizens; an English gentleman has purchased four packages of Scoffern & Baldwin's Centennial prize boxes."

As he said this, Bob sprang to his feet, crying:

"I've von der blawsted 'ouse, s'elp me tater;" with which he flourished aloft a certificate that he had found in his last box.

The passengers, most of them country folks, crowded about him, and soon the candy man was sold clean out.

"Where is the house?" they cried; "let's see the certificate."

"Oh, it's h'all right," chuckled Bob. "Ear it is: 'ouse an lot half an acre—Swamptown, South Carolina."

"I come from Swamptown," said a grave, dignified, though somewhat seedy-looking man. "My name is Colonel Starbottle; let me see the certificate!"

Our hero gave him one end of the paper, while he held the other.

Jemmy O'Brien peeped over his shoulder and grinned.

"House and lot of half an acre," gravely read the southerner. "Said property situated in Mossgrove Parish, Swamptown—hum, young man, this is a swindle."

"Vot?" roared Bob.

"You've been bulldozed," continued the man.

"Vot?" screamed our hero. "Ain't dere no no 'ouse dere?"

"There is," calmly returned the colonel.

"Vell den, vere's der bloomin' sell come in?" snarled Bob.

"Haw—haw—haw!" roared the passengers.

Colonel Starbottle gravely removed his spectacles from his nose, then after calmly taking a pinch of snuff, said:

"Young man, the building is an old smoke-house, half sunk in the swamp; the land is not worth ten cents."

"By George," gasped the boy. "Vere's dat blawsted candy cove?"

"I'm here," said the prize-package agent. "Ain't yer satisfied?"

"No," growled Bob, "I ain't; I'm goin' ter take dat 'ouse out ov yer 'ead."

"Shoo-fly!" laughed the pedler.

"Vot did yer say?" yelled our hero, who was hopping mad. "Don't yer chew flies at me?"

"Go shoot yourself!" calmly answered the other.

"Vill yer fight?" shrieked Bob.

The agent nodded.

"Kim on then, me keovey!" screamed the cockney, "I'll knock seven different colored jets out ov yer, by George!" just then the conductor entered the car.

"Here, stop that!" he cried; "if you want to fight get off at Elizabeth."

"All right!" roared Bob, "I kin wait;" then shaking his fist at the amused prize-package vender, said: "Blawst yer, I'll put a sheep's 'ead on yer shoulders, me bloomin' toff," and seating himself, said to Jemmy: "By George, I feel like killing that boojum."

The agent laughed and joked and did not seem at all scared, but procured more packages and drove a good trade; every time he passed Bob, the latter scowled and growled like a bear with a sore head.

"Don't git mad, sonny," said the unterrified one. "When we arrive at Elizabeth yer can do all yer 'ole to kill me; I don't mind; I'm used to it."

"By George, you h'Americans are cool," said Bob, who was, as we knew, no coward.

"Elizabeth!" roared the brakesman, as they slowed up.

"Come, old beeswax," said the candy-seller, "git off and try yer hand at killing me."

Bob's eyes flashed, and his nostrils dilated as he followed his opponent, Jemmy backing him all the time, saying:

"Don't let him bounce yer, Bob."

"Yer bet I von't," said Bob.

The train moved off, and when it was gone

the agent deposited his basket in the baggage-room, and then turned to our hero, saying:

"Come on, ole hog and-hominy," and led the way to a deserted lot, situated at some distance from the depot.

Suddenly, without giving any warning, he turned upon Bob, and drawing a revolver from his hip pocket, said:

"Walk ten paces each, then wheel and fire; will that do?"

Bob, who, like most Englishmen, was nervous about firearms, turned rapidly and walked ten paces, then twenty, and twenty more, after which he took to his heels and ran, followed by Jemmy O'Brien, who was laughing as though he could not contain himself.

"By George," gasped our hero, as they reached the depot, "der blawsted boojum wanted to shoot me—by George!"

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH OUR HERO CHAMPIONS THE NEWS-BOYS.

THE idea of being shot at, staggered London Bob, who had, in settling his disputes, always used his fists.

As they got aboard the next train, bound for New York, he whispered to Jemmy:

"By George, I'll go 'ome. Dis is a h'awful country; I h'ain't h'easy in mind. Vy, s'elp me tater, dat boojum would 'ave shot me jes' as I would a cat."

"We don't think anything of a bullet or two," quietly observed Jemmy. "Why, I know a man who has seven balls in his head, thirty-two in his liver, and a score or so scattered all over his body."

"Yer don't say so?" gasped our hero. "Vot's his name? h'is he alive?"

"Yea," grinned Jemmy, who delighted in guying Bob. "He's alive; his name is William Patterson, better known as Billy. He's always in a mus, an' yez will constantly hear folks ask, who struck Billy Patterson?"

"S'elp me tater," mused Bob. "Vy don't der keove 'ave 'em up afore der beak?"

"Because he's an Ameriken," grinned Jemmy. "He ain't no cry-baby, ain't Billy; when any one strikes him, he jes' draws his shootin'-iron and let's rip."

"I'll go 'ome," murmured Bob.

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Jemmy. "Yer must see New York, b'hoy. It will never do for you to go back to London and say that you don't know anything about Gotham."

"Vere's Gotham?" asked our hero. "Over in Brooklyn?"

"No," grinned his companion. "Gotham is New York, and New York is Gotham."

"I'll give it h'up," mused the bewildered cockney. "H'Ammerica licks me. Fust h'ov h'all I kean't understand the language, an' I've 'ad me 'ead punched h'oftener here in a day den I ever 'ad it in a week at 'ome."

"Oh, don't you funk, me son," said Jemmy. "Ameriky is a bully country; begorra, I would no more think av comparin' it to England, thin of decryin' ould Ireland."

"Vell," murmured our hero, as they rattled into Newark, "dey may talk about liberty here, but give me h'old h'England, vere I kin drive my moke, an' sell my wedgetables, an' drink my 'arf an' arf with a pal. By George, smart as I tort myself, I ain't no circumstance to these h'Ammerikins."

London Bob did not naturalize well, but he was no fool, and made up his mind to see New York.

When they arrived at their journey's end, Jemmy took him to a boarding-house, and after they had washed and refreshed themselves, proposed to show him Central Park.

"Oh, it's too 'ot!" said our hero. "S'pose we walk aroun' the shady sides ov der streets."

"Kim along," cried Jemmy, and soon they were seeing that wonderful sight, the streets of New York.

Arriving in City Hall Park, Jemmy seated Bob on one of the benches, then, excusing himself for a moment, went down to a neighboring newspaper office, in the lobby of which a couple of hundred boys were chatting, resting and dozing, until the hour of delivering arrived.

"Boys," he said, "you've heard about the cuss who is going around spotting fellers who sell the *Herald* for five cents?"

"Yea!" they chorused. "We'd like ter ketch him. Wot business has he ter spy on us? If a customer chooses ter give us five cents, it's our biz, hey, Jemmy?"

"Jes' so," winked the scamp. "Well, you go

up to the City Hall Park, an' I'll point der cuss out ter yer. Bounce him; savey?"

"Yer bet we do!" they cried. "We'll take der skin off his nose."

Out they sallied, and by dint of sending scouts to the various offices, soon contrived to muster a lively crowd.

Jemmy O'Brien did not accompany them, but contented himself in telling them the position of Bob's bench.

Now it happened that after Jemmy had left our hero, the latter had shifted his quarters, which were immediately occupied by a simple-looking New Jersey man, who, removing his hat, mopped his face with his handkerchief, and replacing his tile, proceeded to indulge in a nap.

Presently up came the boys, who serenaded the greeny, crying:

"Yar hear yar, *Her-ral*, five cints;" then began to hustle and bounce him.

This made Bob laugh, for the countryman's antics were comical in the extreme.

"Go it, me keovies!" cried our hero. "Sock it inter him? Vot's he bin an' did?"

"Blowed on us," answered a newsboy. "Vot right had he ter spy on we boys? We earn our money hard enough."

"Yes, by George!" shouted Bob; "let me 'ave a go at the boojum;" with which he moved quickly forward, and forcing the crowd aside, said to the astonished Jerseyman: "Look 'ere, yer orter 'ave yer 'ead punched, an' I'm goin' to do it, by George!" then turning to the newsboys, cried: "I'm London Bob, me keovies; I've sold papers myself; I've got an 'eart dat kin feel for another," after which, hauling off his coat and cap, he sailed in, yelling: "Blawst yer—yer wanted ter take der bread out of dese boys' mouns, hey? yer bloomin' boojum."

Now, unfortunately for Bob, the Jerseyman was one of the best wrestlers in the State, so, when they clinched, our hero found himself grasped by the waist, and in another instant was thrown right into a group of boys, who picked him up, saying:

"Go in again, boss; we'll see yer through."

Bob scratched his head and "went in" again, only to be grabbed and thrown like a sack of corn.

When he rose the second time, he felt as though he had just experienced an earthquake shock.

Jemmy O'Brien was standing over him, and the newsboys were holding the Jerseyman, who was vowing to kill him.

"It's all a mistake," grinned Jemmy.

"Ain't he a blawsted spy?" murmured Bob, rubbing his half dislocated neck. "No; all a sell, by George; I'll go 'ome. S'elp me tater, I'm never right in this blawsted country; der boojum half killed me."

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDON BOB VISITS THE OFFICE OF THE "WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY."

AFTER awhile the Jerseyman quieted down, when Bob and he shook hands.

"Come and take a drink," said Jemmy, and away they went to a lager beer saloon, where they became quite friendly.

As usual, Bob began to blow about London, saying that the newspapers were superior, and that America was a mere colony.

He knew better, but was obliged to gas.

"Look here!" said Jemmy; "I tell you what, Bob, yez ain't got no boys' novels."

"We've got a boys' weekly," said our hero.

"Derned weakly trash!" grinned Jemmy; "Look here, 'spose we go down and see them printing the 'Wide Awake Library?' It's worth looking at."

"Will der publishers let yer?" inquired Bob. "Vy, in h'England dey bounces yer, as yer call it, if yer looks in at der winder."

"Yez jes come along, me b'hoy," said Jemmy. "Yez will be welcomed; dey always likes ter see curiosities at that printing office."

"S'elp me tater, I'll go," cried Bob. "Won't yer go, too, Mr. Jerseyman?"

"No," said the other, "I've been there. I'd like to go again, but want to catch the two o'clock train."

Bidding him good-day, Bob paid the shot, then set out with Jemmy to see the printing office.

On arriving at the building, they found a crowd gathered about the windows, and, joining the party, London Bob watched the rapidly-moving presses, saying:

"By George! ain't it wonderful? Vere do all them papers go?"

"Go wherever there's a live, smart boy," said Jemmy.

"S'elp me tater!" ejaculated Bob. "If this don't beat h'all."

As he was speaking, a gentleman connected with the establishment touched him on the shoulder, saying:

"So it astonishes you?" whereupon Bob turned, and spreading out his hands, said:

"S'elp me tater, it dew. By George, I'd give anything ter see over dis place."

"As a rule, we are obliged to politely refuse such requests," said the gentleman; "but, as you are a foreigner, we will do our best for you. Understand we are glad to see any boy; but if we admitted them all to the printing rooms, the operators would not be able to work."

"I conteever," answered Bob.

"This way, Mr. —"

"London Bob," grinned our hero. "I ain't vell known 'ere, but I h'am in Vitechapel."

After showing him over the press-rooms, his guide conducted him up stairs, and when he had thoroughly explored the building, introduced him to the editors and proprietors.

"Well, Bob," inquired one of the latter, "would you like to have your picture taken?"

"My pictur?" cried the cockney. "S'elp me tater, yes; but say, yer von't put me in no bloom-in' roll of horror, hey? None ov them games fur London Bob."

After being assured that they did not publish pictures of distinguished youths, he posed to the artist, who sketched him as he is presented in this story.

Before quitting the establishment, he promised to call again and relate his adventures to the writer, in which, as in all things, Bob has faithfully kept his word.

Quitting the office, Jemmy conducted him down town and showed him around the Custom House building.

"Say," whispered Jemmy, "would yez like to buy some smuggled tobacco?"

Like most boys, Bob had a weakness for any article that had not paid duty, so he dropped in to the trap at once.

Pointing to an office, over the door of which was printed:

"CONTRABAND DEPARTMENT,"

Jemmy said:

"Go right in there an' ax fur what yez wants;" so in marched me noble nibs.

The staff of clerks were in another room preparing to retire for the day, and the only person present was a calm-looking, white-haired gentleman, who was reading a newspaper.

Walking up to him, Bob jerked the corner of the paper, saying:

"Pound of smuggled shag."

"Shag" is a sort of fine-cut used by English smokers.

The old gentleman read on.

"Here," cried our hero, giving the paper another twitch, "wake up, h'old keovey. I vants a pound ov smuggled shag."

The gentleman slowly lowered his paper, then, gazing calmly at the intruder, ejaculated:

"How?"

"Pound of smuggled shag terbacker," grinned the boy.

"How?" snapped the old gentleman.

"Vy, in a paper ov course," chuckled Bob. "Vot a bloomin' h'old duffer yer must be not ter know how I vant it?"

The gentleman gazed searchingly at our hero, then whispered down a speaking tube:

"Send a policeman to me; there is a lunatic in my office."

CHAPTER IX.

TURNING THE TABLES ON JEMMY.

BOB understood that he had, what he termed, "been let in for it," so turned tail and rejoined Jemmy O'Brien, saying:

"S'elp me tater, Jem, yerv'e bed a blawsted lawk wid me agin, hev'n't yer?"

"Didn't yer get yer backker?" innocently inquired Jemmy.

"Look 'ere, chum," growled our hero, "if yer think yer kin plawnt yer sells and an' stalls on London Bob, yer awfully mistaken," with which he walked off, leaving Jemmy laughing fit to crack his sides.

Just at that instant the policeman arrived, and darted into the contraband department, Jemmy remaining where Bob had left him, roaring:

"Ha-ha-ha! Ho! he-he!"

"Officer," said the indignant official, to the cop, "did you meet a boy outside?"

"Yis, sur," replied the man. "There's wan

jest beyant yez dure now, laughing like a hy-nee."

"That's the feller," said the old gentleman. "I believe that he is a lunatic; he came in here and asked for a pound of shag tobacco; he must be crazy."

"Maybe he's from the ould country," suggested the officer. "They calls fine-cut shag, there, yer honor. Perhaps he's a greeny."

"Frighten him a little," said the old fellow; "it's come to a pretty pass when a United States revenue officer is to be intruded on in this fashion. Why, he actually tore my newspaper out of my hand, and shouted in my ear."

"Begorra, it's rank trayson," grinned the cop, who, in his heart, thought it was a good joke. "I'll attend to him, sir," saying which he saluted and retired.

Outside, Jemmy O'Brien was finishing off his laugh, and wiping his fun-filled eyes, murmuring:

"Bedad, but yez is awful green, me cockney. Musha, an' wasn't it fun to see yez scoot," when out came the copper, and in another instant Jemmy found himself grabbed by the collar.

"Lemme go, yez big bastel!" howled the boy, endeavoring to shake himself out of his coat; but the officer was up to that dodge, and hung on to him, observing:

"Ye bloody young ruffian, fhat for did yez go in till the contrybin' daypartment an' ax fur shag tobacco, hey?"

Just then the face of our hero came peeping up the stairs, and Jemmy heard his voice, saying:

"Hold on ter him, officer—give him 'ell. By George, yer've got 'im dis time!"

"Here," screamed Jemmy, who began to see that he had the worst of the bargain; "say, this is all a mistake; wot yez arrestin' me fur, hey?"

"Yez jis' come along wid me," shouted the man, grabbing Jemmy by the ear, as well as the collar. "I'll teach yer to ax the great Mister Bigwig to sell yer a pound of shag tobacco."

"I didn't do it," cried Jemmy. "It wasn't me, Mr. Officer."

"Ah—ah!" laughed our hero, ascending the steps and grinning in his chum's face. "So yer've bin caught at last, hey, me bloomin' boojum? Got yer backker?"

"Come along," said the cop, giving Jemmy's body a jerk. "My orders are to run you in," but the boy grabbed the iron railings of the stairs, and resolutely refused to budge, at the same time lashing out with his heels like a mule.

Not wishing to receive a kick in the stomach, the officer wisely released him; whereupon Bob, who had really returned in order to help his chum, whispered the man:

"Leave der keovey to me, old poke. If he tries ter cut, I'll 'it 'im on der 'ead, by George. Go an' git some 'elp, I'll watch 'im."

The officer nodded, then descended the stairs, saying:

"Jes' howld him till I return," with which he vanished, leaving the boys chuckling to think what a fool he was, while, in reality, he was glad enough to get rid of them.

"Jemmy," said Bob, "yer thought yer'd sold me a purp dat time, hey?"

"Yez ain't mad, are yez, Bobby?" grinned the other. "I can't help playin' thricks, me b'hoy, it's in me blood!"

"Yes," winked Bob, "I un'stan'! It was workin' out ov yer 'eels ven yer grabbed der railin' an' kicked h'out h'at der h'ossifer! Vell, s'elp me tater, yer got yer ole sell back on ter yer, dat time, hey?"

"Yes," nodded Jemmy, as they made their way towards Nassau street. "Yez was too smart for me, Bob."

"By George," answered our hero, "it takes a h'awful smart bloke ter sell me," then pointing to the razor-strop man, who was preparing to retire for the day, said:

"Who's that h'old bloke in dere?"

"Sh," whispered Jemmy. "He's a relation av Queen Victoria! Spent all his money—bolted from his creditors, landed in New York without a cent, wint to ould Pater Cooper, borrowed fifty dollars, got credit fur a barrel av glue an' started making razor-strops; has made a fortun', owns a block av brown-stone houses, rides down here in his kirridge an' pair."

"Why don't he go 'ome?" whispered Bob.

"Ax him," replied Jemmy, moving towards the old fellow.

Every New Yorker knows the razor-strop man, who, for so many years has had a stand near the old post-office; the quiet, unassuming vender of straps and cutlery who has sold more blades than any two dealers in the United States.

The old fellow was packing his stock when Bob approached him, saying:

"Good afternoon, ole neversweat. 'Ow do you do—key? Heard from her Majesty lately?"

"How?" quietly replied the razor-strop man, peering over his spectacles; "are you drunk, young man?"

"Oh, kim—cheese that!" laughingly continued our hero. "Think I don't know who yer are, hey? Vy, Lor' bless yer, I knows yer 'istory jes as well as I do my own. I saw yer relation jus' afore I com'd h'over 'ere. I vas in 'Igh 'Ol'orn a veek afore I stawted, an' I saw der queen an'—"

By that time the razor-strop man had packed his stock and was ready to depart, so addressing Bob, he said:

"Young man, I have sold razor-strops, et-cetra, for a great many years, and have in my time seen many fools; but without wishing to hurt your feelings, I must say that you beat all; in other words, you are an ass!"

"Oh, s'elp me tater!" gasped the boy, "ain't yer der queen's relation, by George?" Then turning to the grinning Jemmy, said:

"Blawst yer, yer've bin an' sold me agin, hey?"

CHAPTER X.

LONDON BOB AT MRS. SQUEEZUM'S.

"Oh, come along," laughed Jemmy, as the razor-strop man stalked indignantly. "Yer didn't handle him right."

"He vants 'is bloomin' 'ead punched," snorted our hero, as he watched the man's retreat. "S'elp me tater, he called me a h'ass."

"Oh, well, yez dayserved it," chuckled his companion. "Come, les' cross Broadway and take a keyar. We must git back to our hash-mill."

"Wot do yer mean by an 'ash-mill?" innocently inquired Bob.

"Our boardin'-house," smilingly returned Jemmy.

"Vy do dey call 'em 'ash-mills?" asked our hero.

"Well, yez see," said his chum, "they're chape, so yez don't expect anything but hash. The folks who keep ours, contracts with a hotel for all the megashings—un'stan'?—all the odds an' ends an' plate-scrappings—savvey? These are hashed up and served to us—we're der mill der hash passes through; do yez tumble?"

"Yes, by George, I do," murmured Bob. "It's like penny faggots."

"What are them?" demanded Jemmy.

"Things yer buy in London," answered Bob. "Dey're made ov all der ole scraps ov meat, etcetera. I tell ye, h'ov a cold day, me keovey, a penny faggot ain't to be sneezed at."

"So yez are used to hash?" grinned Jemmy.

"Used!" chuckled Bob. "Vy, s'elp me tater, I've eaten block ornaments, made h'out ov a dead 'oss. I ain't dainty."

"Bob," mysteriously observed the irrepressible jokist, "I want to tell you a secret."

"Go ahead," said our hero.

"You know the lady who keeps our hash-mill, Mrs. Squeezum, hey?"

"Well," ejaculated Bob, "vot h'of her?"

"Her husband is an undertaker," whispered Jemmy.

"Vell," once more cried the cockney, "wot the 'ell if he is?"

"Nothing," quietly observed his chum, "only keep your eyes open. We have a good deal of meat at Mother Squeezum's."

Just as he said this they arrived on Broadway, so further conversation was suspended; but the words sank into Bob's mind.

The car upon which they clambered was jam-full, so he had no opportunity of questioning Jemmy.

It so happened that Mrs. Squeezum was one of the best providers in New York; but that was nothing to the young scamp who had determined to put up a joke at her and the cockney's expense.

When Jemmy O'Brien laid himself out for a racket, nothing stood in his way.

Upon arriving at their street, the lads descended from the car, and Bob said:

"Look 'ere, Jemmy, I think I shall go to a 'otel."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed his friend, "come right along; it's supper time."

"But, s'elp me tater," said Bob, "I ain't pertic'lar, but, blawst it, I don't like the h'idea, you know, the 'usband being an h'undertaker, you know, by George."

But Jemmy cut him short with:

"Oh, bosh, come right in; it won't be worse than yer penny faggots or block ornaments;" then led him up to his room and left him, after which he went around to all the other boarders and told them of the joke he had put up on the cockney.

In a few minutes the supper bell rang, and the crowd swarmed down to the dining-room, where Mrs. Squeezum, a fat, good-humored woman, was presiding at the head of the table.

There was plenty to eat and drink, but London Bob did not feel hungry.

Right in front of him was a big mould of head-cheese, a dish unknown to our hero, while scattered along the table were cold corned beef, hot minced tripe, cold ham, sausage and other solids, to say nothing of hot corn bread and a dozen varieties of cake.

"Wot's this 'ere?" he whispered to Jemmy, at the same time pointing to the head-cheese; whereupon the jokist shook his head, saying:

"It looks like a b'iled baby."

Noticing that Bob hung back, Mrs. Squeezum said:

"Go ahead, young man; everything is home-made. Try some of that head-cheese."

Bob felt sicker than he liked to own, but he cut a slice out of the mass, then said to Jemmy:

"Won't yer try a bit, chum?"

"Not fur Jemmy," answered the scamp, whereupon Bob deposited the slice of pressed head upon his own plate; then, taking the latter with both his hands, lifted the food to his nose, smelled it, and ejaculated:

"Pew—gh! Pe—w—gh!"

"What's matter?" demanded Mrs. Squeezum, who for some moments had been regarding him suspiciously.

"Pew—gh," once more uttered the boy, adding, as everybody paused and turned their eyes upon him: "By George, der corpse mus' hev bin dead a week."

"What did you say?" screamed Mrs. Squeezum; "my husband brought that head home the day before yesterday. What do you mean by reviling my food?"

"Marm," said Bob, rising, and beating a retreat towards the door, "I'm a stranger in this country, and unused to its ways and cumtoms; but, by George, I cawn't eat dead kid; no, s'elp me tater, I cawn't!"

"Kid—you stupid fellow!" said Mrs. Squeezum. "It isn't kid, it's pig's head, boned and boiled."

Bob opened the door, turned, spread out his hands, and smiling, said:

"Oh, no yer don't, marm. Bob h'ain't to be bamboozled, he h'ain't! S'elp me tater, I know a child's heap ven I sees it!" then turning to the laughing boarders, who were all in the joke, added:

"Look 'ere, me keovies, this woman's 'usband is a h'undertaker—yer've all bin a'h'eatin' ov dead corpses!"

"Haw—haw—haw!" they yelled while Jemmy held Mrs. Squeezum down in her chair, and when silence was secured, said to Bob:

"Come back, yer big donkey. Mrs. Squeezum's husband is a clerk in a bank?"

"Oh, Jimmy O'Brien!" exclaimed the lady, "when will you stop joking?" while Bob returned to the table, and attacking the food, murmured:

"S'elp me tatar, I've bin sold agin'."

CHAPTER XI.

DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.

At first Mrs. Squeezum vowed that she never would forgive Bob, but gradually relented, and said that she knew he did not mean any harm, and that after all it was Jemmy O'Brien's fault, whereupon Bob invited the lady and her sister to accompany him to the Central Park, saying:

"We'll 'ire a trap an' go in style."

"Oh, not to night, Mr. Bob," pleaded the lady.

"Not much," answered our hero. "Say ten o'clock ter-morrer, sharp. Yer pack some grub in a 'amper, an' I'll bring along der liquids."

"Of course Mr. Squeezum will go, too?" observed the lady. "I couldn't trust myself alone with you; people would talk."

"Oh, yer needn't worry," grinned Bob. "I ain't mashed on yer, marm."

"Have you seen my sister?" inquired the lady.

"No," bluntly returned Bob. "I ain't much ov a ladies' man."

The good-tempered woman smiled, then said: "Oh, fie, Mr. Bob, don't tell me that!" whereupon he chuckled and answered:

"Yes, marm. I'm like a close pertater, yer kean't mash me."

"We'll see," she whispered to Jemmy; "he has money, hasn't he?"

"Lashins ov it," winked the scamp. "He owns a lot ov property in London. It will be a big catch fur yer sister."

Now, it so happened that the young lady in question was engaged to a small-eyed little dry goods clerk, who boarded with Mrs. Squeezum; so the next morning, after our hero and his party had departed for the park, Jemmy O'Brien waited on the young clerk, and after exacting a solemn promise that he would bear what he had to learn bravely, the wag told him that Miss McGlyn, Mrs. Squeezum and her husband had gone to drive in the park with that "blawsted Englishman," London Bob, adding:

"Yez gal is mashed on him, an' he is dead gone in love wid her."

"Thunderation!" snarled the little man. "Where can I find him? I have a revolver at home—I'll shoot him!"

"Aisy—aisy!" said Jemmy. "He's cut me dead fur playin' thricks on him," winking as he spoke, "an' I'm bound to get aven wid the felly. Will yez foight a jewel?"

"I'll do anything to be revenged upon the big-headed fraud!" replied the little man. "Dern him, I'll cut his liver out!"

"Tut—tut!" smilingly observed the wag. "Yez talks like a savage. Git lave fur the day an' come along wid me."

"All right!" snorted the little one, and after seeing his boss, he returned to Jemmy, saying: "I've got all day now to go home and procure my pistol."

Leaving the jokist to engineer the jealous lover, we will return to our hero.

Engaging a four-wheel carriage, Bob handed Miss McGlyn on to the driving box, then seated himself on her right and took the reins, while Mr. Squeezum assisted his wife to a seat and mounted by her side.

All the lady boarders had turned out to see them off, and many were the remarks upon their appearance.

Believing that he was rich, everybody admired Bob and envied his companions.

"H'all right?" inquired our hero of the pair behind.

"Go ahead, young man!" said Mr. Squeezum, whereupon Bob flourished his whip, and, touching up the horses, started in good style.

"Hurrah!" cried the boarders, each hoping that their turn would come next; "hurrah!"

Then, as the vehicle vanished around the corner, they fell to at wondering whether the party would get back safe or be smashed up in the park.

Bob knew how to drive in London, but the American style puzzled him.

In England a driver always keeps on the left side, hence the old rhyme:

"The law of the road
Is a paradox—quite;
You must go to the left
If you wish to go right."

Bob did this, and soon discovered his mistake.

"Where you going to, you derned fool?" yelled a horse-breaker, as our hero ran his team right across the man's leaders. "Keep to the right."

"Wot fur?" demanded Bob, bringing his horses to a standstill.

"For," contemptuously answered the other, adding, as he saw that our hero was an Englishman: "Look here, Cockney, in this country we keep to the right, don't forget that."

"Thankee," nodded Bob, giving a coachman's salute. Then, as he once more started his horses, murmured to himself: "Vell, h'I'm blowed; s'elp me tater; h'Ammerika beats all. I never shall learn the vays an' customs; they confuses me 'ead."

"Let me teach you, Mr. Bob," simpered Miss McGlyn.

Bob drove on silently, eyed her askance, and muttered:

"Freckled, skinny, turn-up-nose, red-headed, thirty! No, by George, yer don't! Bob mayn't be 'ansom; but, s'elp me tater, he don't marry no bloomin' ole guv!"

Then, flicking a fly off his near horse, smiled upon the lady, and said, aloud:

"Are yer fond of bloaters?"

"Bloaters?" she smilingly replied; "what are they—cakes?"

"No," he answered, sinking his voice. "S'elp me tater, don't yer know? They're 'errings."

Just then they entered the park, and joining the stream of vehicles, drove along its pleasant road.

"What do you think of this, Mr. Bob?" demanded Mrs. Squeezum. "Isn't it perfectly delightful?"

"Bless you, marm," he grinned, turning his head, "it ain't nothing to h'our Q," meaning Kew Gardens, near London.

As he spoke, a fast coach, driven by a celebrated New York whip, came rattling towards them.

Forgetting his instructions, Bob yanked his horses' leads to the left, and drove slap into the approaching team.

In another instant he found himself stretched out on the turf, and discovered that he was the under dog of a pile, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum and the fair Miss McGlyn, while his team was quietly grazing near by.

Assisted by the park police, who swarmed to the rescue, London Bob at last regained his feet, and as he surveyed the shattered remains of his carriage, scratched his big jaw, saying:

"S'elp me tater, h'Ammerika's a 'ell ov a place ter drive in."

CHAPTER XII.

BOB MAKES HIMSELF PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

THE spill was a most thorough one.

All that remained of the carriage was the broken hubs and a pile of kindling.

"Are you hurt, any ov yer?" he inquired, looking around upon his party.

"We're all O. K.," said Miss McGlyn. "Oh, Mr. Bob, how careless it was of that man to drive right at us."

"He were ker-rect," grinned our hero. "H'it was h'I who was wrong."

Just then the coach and four returned, and the gentleman who drove it, pulled up his horses, saying:

"What induced you to cross my team?"

"Vell," said Bob, touching his hat respectfully, in acknowledgement of the other's civility, "h'I'm h'English, me lord, an' ve allus keeps to der left. I savvey, I oughter kept ter der right."

"Consequently," observed a small-eyed youth, who sat on the box-seat by the driver, and who, as he spoke, pointed to the remains of the carriage, "you have very little of your vehicle left," with which he giggled like a girl.

This was intended to be witty, but Bob could not see where the laugh came in, so he said:

"Yer may be a blawsted comical toff, but I cawn't tumble to yer joke."

"Good for you," said the gentleman with the whip. "Where did you hire your team?"

"At Cob and Trotters, on Sixth avenue," put in Mr. Squeezum.

"Very well," remarked the swell, handing Bob a card, "tell him to call on me and I'll pay the damage."

"Yer a gentleman out-an'out," cried Bob, who had been worrying about the accident and wondering whether it would not take all his money to pay the loss. "Yer a tip-top out-an'out swell, so yer are, me lord!" with which he raised his cap and gave the gentleman a regular London bow. As the latter drove away, he shouted:

"What is your name?" whereupon our hero followed him for a few yards, crying:

"I'm London Bob, from Vitechapel, me lord; an' if yer kums h'over ter h'England—" when the gentleman whipped up his leaders and was soon far ahead and presently out of sight.

Returning to the wreck, Bob found a park inspector, who ordered one of his men to take the horses and fragments to the Mount St. Vincent Hotel.

"Kum along, Miss McGrin—kum along, Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum," said Bob. "Ere's a go. I smashes a trap an' drives inter a swell-bloke's team, ven instead h'ov giving me in charge, he offers ter pay for my blunder. Who is der keovey?"

Mr. Squeezum winked mysteriously, then said:

"Mr. Bob, you're lucky: he's the owner of the *New York Herald*."

"Blowed h'if he h'ain't a brick," grinned our hero. "I begin ter like dis country. Vy, dey actually prints newspapers fur boys, an' let's der keoves see 'em bein' slapped off. S'elp me tater, I begin ter like h'America."

"Why don't you settle here?" simpered Miss McGlyn.

Bob eyed her out of the corners of his peepers, then once more murmured:

"Thirty—red-head—turn-up-nosed—skinny—freckled. No, by George! yer don't. No bloom-in' ole guys fur London Bob!"

Luckily the young lady did not hear him.

Upon arriving at Mount St. Vincent they partook of some refreshments, then started for the upper part of the park, Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum

keeping ahead, and leaving him with Miss McGlyn.

All of a sudden that young lady exclaimed:

"Oh! my—our hamper."

"Our vot?" grinned Bob. "'Amper? Vy, s'elp me tater, some boojum must hev hooked it."

Sure enough, in the confusion of the spill some boys had snaked out the hamper packed by Mrs. Squeezum, and a box of wine belonging to Bob.

"Oh!" moaned the young lady; "it's too bad. Some thieves must have stolen it. I didn't see it after I came to my senses. Whatever shall we do for dinner?"

"Don't you worry, me dear girl," said Bob. "We'll come back to the 'otel an' ave some 'ash."

"Oh! Mr. Bob," she sighed, leaning heavily upon his arm, "you are just splendid."

Now, when a lady tells a young fellow that, it makes him feel kinder sweet on her, so our hero replied:

"S'elp me tater, yer rippin'."

"Oh! do you really think so?" she simpered.

"Yes," grinned Bob, who made up his mind to have some fun with her, and who was really getting somewhat mashed; "yes, by George, I think yer awful nice, Miss McGrin."

"McGlyn," she smilingly observed. "Can't you call me Mercy? My young man always does. Oh! Mr. Bob, have you an attachment on the other side?"

"H'if you vants ter know whether I'm married, I can say no, Miss Mussy," grinned our hero. "I ain't such a derned duffer."

"Oh, Mr. Bob, don't say that," she murmured. "Do you despise matrimony?"

Grinning from ear to ear, the cockney uttered a low chuckle, then, placing his left arm about her bony waist, said:

"Do I despise a matter ov money? No, by George; but ven a bloke has ter knock 'roun' wid a moke an' barrer, he ain't got no browse lef' for a missis."

This was all Dutch to Miss McGlyn, so she merely guided him up a quiet pathway leading to the old Block House or fort, then said:

"Oh, Mr. Bob, with you I could walk on forever, and ever—and ever."

Whereupon he replied:

"By George, yer a derned sight fonder ov pad-din' der hoof den I h'am."

Little did they imagine what was in store for them, and that from the top of the old fort the lady's lover was watching them with eyes and heart aflame with jealousy.

Jemmy had procured a second revolver, and was bent upon having a lark.

He had carefully removed the bullets from the cartridges, and had brought with him a box containing a comical assortment of surgical instruments.

As Bob and Miss McGlyn ascended the pathway leading to the old fort, the little dry-goods man shouted:

"Scoun-drel—vil-lain—pre-prepare to dy-ee!"

CHAPTER XIII.

LONDON BOB FIGHTS A DUEL.

BOB withdrew his arm from about the waist of the young lady; then, shading his eyes with his hand glanced upwards, observing:

"Vot yer say?" when, catching sight of her lover, Miss McGlyn pretended to faint; whereupon our hero caught her about the waist, and taking a green, mossy-covered spring for a grassy seat, plumped her "squash" down into it.

The cold water quickly saturated the back part of her costume, and brought her around two-ten, while her adorer continued to dance, and scream:

"Oh, you gory scoundrel, you base, false deceiver! Oh, let me at you, I'll have your blood—you—you—you—"

When Bob calmly looked up, saying:

"Look a 'ere, me keovey, are yer a boojum or a snark!"

At that instant Miss McGlyn felt the water strike through her undergarments, when, uttering a yell, she sprang to her feet, screaming:

"Oh, you nasty feller! Why did you sit me down in that puddle?"

"Vos it a puddle?" guffawed Bob, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Oh, s'elp me tater! Haw—haw—haw! I tkort it was a reglar garden seat!"

"Garden seat be blamed," she snapped. "It's real mean of you to laff." Then, looking up, cried: "Oh, Sammy, come here. This feller has insulted me."

"I don't care—I don't care," roamed the little

man, who was perfectly beside himself with rage. "I'll kill him, an' I'll kill you, an' I'll kill myself! Oh, let me get at the scoun-drill!"

At that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum arrived, smiling, upon the scene; whereupon Bob turned to them, saying, as he pointed up at Sammy:

"Who der 'ell is dat bloke?"

"Whoa!" ejaculated Mrs. Squeezum, tottering forward, as though about to faint; "it's Sammy Snivelem, sister's young man." Then, pretending to swoon, threw herself into Bob's arms.

Giving her a half turn, our hero neatly seated her in the mossy spot where he had deposited her sister; then leaving her to soak, dashed up the steep side of the hill and tore round the fort,

"Whist, me darlins, would yez have a lark wid de big-headed Britisher?"

Now, Mrs. S. and her sister both believed that Bob had purposely seated them in the soak spring, so were ready to do anything to be revenged upon him.

Jemmy explained that he had removed the bullets from the pistol cartridges, and that there was no danger.

"But say," nervously inquired Squeezum, "won't the police arrest us?"

"Niver fear," cried Jemmy; "on a hot day, like dis, de cops don't come out much; besides, nearly all ov 'em hev gone to der Cintinnial."

After much persuasion, Squeezum agreed to act as Bob's second, while Jemmy played the part of doctor and best man to Sammy.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR HERO FINDS OUT ALL ABOUT THE BULLETS.

As Jemmy O'Brien uttered the word "three," a grizzled old park policeman mounted the steps, and poking his head above the stonework, shouted:

"Stop, yez derved fools."

At the same instant the combatants turned, glared savagely at each other, and aimed over his head, whereupon he ducked.

"Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang!"

"Bang! Bang!"

When they had burnt their last cartridge, the



"Pew—gh!" once more uttered the boy, as everybody turned their eyes upon him: "By George, der corpse mus' hev bin dead a week!"

until he found the entrance, up the steps of which he scrambled to the roof, shouting:

"Vere's der boojum who wants ter punch my 'ed?" leaving Mr. Squeezum to attend to the ladies and assist in wringing out their garments.

Sammy, mad as a hornet, rushed up to our hero, and thrusting his face into Bob's, screamed:

"Do you want to fight?"

"Rawther," coolly replied Bob, who was just as hopping mad as his opponent, adding: "But I cawn't fight such a blawsted little cove as yer are, by George."

"See here," said Jemmy O'Brien, coming forward: "I'm in dis racket. I propose, as wan av yez is bigger den the other, that yez foights wid rayvolvers."

"I'm willing," said the hot-headed little man.

"Anything—knives—razors—axes—carbines—guns—cannon—scissors—anything for a chance to kill that wretch," pointing at our hero, whereupon Bob grinned, saying:

"Look 'ere, me blooming boojum, yer in a awful 'urry ter git yer 'ead punched."

"Gintlemin—gintlemin," put in the merry Jemmy, who could scarcely keep from laughing outright, "plaze remimber dat dis affair is now in my hands, and if yez will only kape cool I'll give yez a chance to kill aich other comfortably an' dacintly."

This quieted them.

Leaving Bob and Sammy seated on opposite benches and scowling ferociously at each other, the jokist descended to Mr. Squeezum and the ladies, saying:

Mounting to the top of the fort, where the enemies were still seated, scowling like fiends, Jemmy bade them pull off their coats and vests and take up their positions at opposite corners of the battlement, while he and Squeezum fixed the weapons and surgical instruments.

"Don't laugh," he whispered to the grinning man, "let 'em think we are serious," then opening a hand bag he produced two revolvers, a saw, a corkscrew, two French cook knives, a small ax and a powder squirt.

"By Gosh," muttered the half-choked Squeezum, "what are them for?"

"Thim's to extract de bullets," whispered Jemmy; "say, don't be a derved fool and laugh or you'll spile de joke."

"All right," was the smothered response, "only hurry up, or I shall bust."

"Boys," said Jemmy, hearing which the combatants turned, "are yez ready?"

"I am," said Sammy.

"So h'am h'I," said Bob.

Handing the latter a revolver he crossed to Sammy and gave him the other weapon, then, bidding the choking Squeezum retire to the left corner, retreated to the vacant one and shouted:

"At the word three—wheel and fire," when Bob turned and observed:

"'Old 'ard; I vant it h'understood that I don't care a hapenny fur dat red-eared gal, s'elp me tater," when Jemmy choked down a rising laugh, and yelled:

"One—two—three."

policeman nimbly ascended the remaining steps, and raising his hand, cried:

"Begob, an' if yez done, stop," when Jemmy, recognizing a relative, said:

"Halloo! Uncle McFadden, how are yez?"

"Here, hand me thim pistols," shouted the old man; "I arrest you in—" when Jemmy whispered in his ear:

"Aisy, Uncle Tim. Sure an' it's only a joke we've bin playin' wid der big-headed Britisher," adding aloud: "It's only a joke."

"Joke!" cried Sammy.

"Joke!" yelled Bob. "Oh, s'elp me tater, ain't I fot a duel? Vos it only a blooming sell?"

"Dat's all," laughingly answered Jemmy. "Come, Uncle Tim, there's no occasion fur arristing any wan."

"Och, Jemmy, yez divil!" laughed the old man, "yez will have yez fun. Be me sowl, it's lucky fur yez that yez Uncle Tim is on duty;" then, turning to the late combatants, said:

"Come, b'hoys, shake hands."

"Will you resign all claim to the hand of Miss McGlyn?" said the cocky little drygoods man, advancing to our hero.

"Claim?" grinned Bob. "S'elp me tater, rawther; ye've bin vaxy fur nothin'."

As he said this the ladies arrived, crying:

"Oh, Mr. Bob—husband—Jemmy—Sammy! there's a lot of boys coming this way with our hamper and your box of wine."

The lads, who, in the smash-up, had contrived to hook the plunder, had walked every step of the way up to the fort, intending to have a high old time.

"Come," said the policeman, "I'll get your grub back."

So, sallying out, he led the way down to a shady nook where the lads were resting preparatory to unpacking their loot.

They were a jolly-looking gang, and it seemed a pity to recapture their prizes.

"Look here," said the policeman, "where did you boys get that hamper?" Whereupon they all scrambled to their feet, and City Hall Dick, their leader, seeing the jig was up, said:

"It ain't ours—it's them folks!" pointing to London Bob and his party. "We was bringing it to them."

"Too thin," said Jemmy's uncle.

"Yer think we're all liars, like you cops?" sneered Dick, who saw by Bob's face and actions

of wine, so City Hall Dick and his gang must be excused.

To their credit be it said, neither of them would have taken the articles from the carriage.

When the lads were out of sight, Mrs. Squeezum said:

"Come, everybody—dinner," and soon the party, including the policeman, who was that afternoon off duty, were seated around a goodly supply of eatables and drinkables.

At first Sammy was "shirty," and would not smile on Miss McGlyn; but when Bob proposed his health, he thawed, saying:

"Well, he is a brave fellow, he stood fire like a hero," hearing which, Bob said:

"Friends, fill up yer glasses. 'Ere's long life

bloominist fellers at lawks I h'ever kim across. Vy, blow me, afore I gits h'out ov von 'ole I'm h'inter another!"

"Dat's de beauty av America," grinned Jemmy's uncle, who had quietly piled in on the grub. "When a green Britisher comes over here, thinking to show us how to do things, we know how to fix him."

"Don't you be imposed upon again, Mr. Bob," said Mrs. Squeezum. "I think it real mean of Jemmy to play you such tricks."

"Oh, shco!" grinned Jemmy. "Sure, an' isn't it all friendship?"

They ate and drank until they all felt as happy as pigs; then, leaving their baskets in charge of the old man, who promised to take them home, started for a walk, Bob and Sammy, arm in arm,



"Now if any ov yer toffs," cried London Bob, bouncing around on the table, "want's yer 'eads punched, jes' step hup."

that he would not lose anything by handing over the hamper and box; "I tell yer we saw der haxerdint, an' picked up der hamper and box, in order ter save dem from bein' stolen by der per-leece. We knows dat all you finds never gits back to der owners, so we trucked der packages up here. We knowed dat der boss was coming dis way."

"Good boy—good boy," said Bob, winking at the lad, and handing him a two-dollar bill. "Now, truck dem up into dat ole brick kiln," pointing to the fort, "an' don't cheek our friend no more."

"Black yer boots, boss?" said a second of the group, who, like any other boy, had joined in what Dick termed his "find."

"Yes," grinned our hero, who in his day had been a London bootblack. "Go ahead, my son, an' vile der ladies are spreadin' der grub, polish us h'all h'up."

The packages were duly carried into the fort, whereupon Mrs. Squeezum and Miss McGlyn unpacked the contents and arranged them for dispatching; meanwhile, the men of the party had their boots blacked.

When the boys had received some food, they gave three cheers for Bob, then walked off, glad to escape so easily.

Now, although it was wrong of them to loot the box and hamper, still we must not be hard on them.

It isn't every day that a poor boy falls in with a basket ram-cram full of grub, and a box

an' 'appiness ter me noble frien' Sammy an' his footur bride—der bloomin' Mussy. I 'onor a bloke has kin stan' up an' take five pistol balls from h'another bloke. Sammy is vot I kall a blawsted good feller. Ven I felt his pistol bullets fly pawst my h'ears an' h'over my 'ead, I h'aimed 'igh, so as not ter 'it 'im," then rising, he offered his late opponent his hand, saying: "Sammy, h'old boy, 'ere's me 'and, an' 'ere's me 'art. S'elp me tater, yer a brave keove!" after which, smiling at Jemmy, he said: "Jem, ole chum, get out yer surgical instruments an' open another bottle of champagne. By George, it isn't every day ve fight a duel; I fancy I kin hear them bullets whizz now."

Jemmy artistically opened another quart of fiz; then as he raised his brimming glass, said:

"Here's to yez, Bob. Dere was no bullets in thim rayvolvers."

"No!" grinned our hero. "Yer don't say? Vot another blawsted sell? S'elp me tater, I'll go 'home."

CHAPTER XV.

OUR HERO TACKLES A SEA-LION.

"OH, pshaw!" laughed Jemmy O'Brien. "Don't yez talk about going home yet, me b'oy; yez haven't seen half av New York."

"Yer sich h'awful blokes ter cod," muttered Bob, as he wiped his mouth. "Vy, I thought I vos vot yer call-smart, but s'elp me tater, I'm no vere with yer h'Ammerrikin coves; yer der

leading the way, Miss McGlyn and Jemmy walking next, and Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum bringing up the rear.

None of them were tight, but they all felt lively.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien," said the young lady, "how can you play such tricks on Mr. Bob?"

"Sure, darlin'," whispered the scamp, "an' isn't it quite roight fur me to fool him? Haven't his countrymen played the devil wid ould Ireland? Faith, an' it's a pleasure fur me to pay him off. He's so moighty smart that he thinks no one kin fool him, but I kin."

"Play him a little trick, now," she said.

"Wait until we get down to the menagerie," he answered, "we'll have some fun wid him."

Emerging upon the drive they presently saw a park carriage, and, by dint of squeezing a little the whole party was accommodated.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the driver.

"To the menagerie," replied the ladies; so away he drove them, and in due time deposited the friends at the old arsenal.

Sammy and Bob were evidently taken with each other, as our hero said:

"Sam didn't want ter play no guy lawks," so they led the way, Jemmy and the young lady keeping them well in view.

After doing the museum, they again emerged into the open air, and went towards the sea-lions' cage or enclosure.

"Vot der 'ell are these?" cried Bob. "Vy, blow me, if dey ain't mermaids!"

Just then, prompted by Jemmy, Miss McGlyn dropped her handkerchief into the enclosure, seeing which the big lion emerged from the water and began to sniff at the article, whereupon the young lady cried:

"Oh, my handkerchief, won't some of you get it for me?"

Ever ready to aid a lady in distress, Bob climbed the railing of the sea-lion's enclosure and descended inside, at the same time crying to the animal:

"Scist, school!" but in lieu of moving, the critter began to snarl.

"Schusch!" went Miss McGlyn.

"Shoosh!" cried Jemmy, poking the lion with his companion's parasol.

"Schee—schoosh—schish!" went Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum and Sammy.

Meanwhile Bob was gingerly endeavoring to work around at the back of the sea lion and to seize the handkerchief on the sly; for which purpose he bent his body and approached the animal just as a boy does a sleeping rabbit, when suddenly, without giving any warning, the critter turned, open-mouthed upon him, and tried to chew his fingers.

"Wo-oo!" yelled Bob, as though addressing a horse, "woc-a-h, yer blawsted boojum!" hearing which the sea-lion crouched for an instant, then, giving his tail a jerk, knocked our hero smack into the tank, and jumping on top of him, began to worry Bob as a cat does a mouse.

"Haw—haw—haw—here's a lark!" screamed Jemmy.

"Haul him out—haul him out!" yelled Sammy.

"Oh, my! ain't it fun?" tittered Miss McGlyn, who felt a little spite against our hero.

"Stop it—oh, stop it!" bawled Mrs. Squeezum, while her husband leaned over the rail and vainly endeavored to separate the combatants with his wife's sunshade.

It was a most comical rough-and-tumble.

Sometimes Bob was on top, at others the sea-lion was uppermost, and to add to the amusing element, two cashmere goats, bearded like patriarchs, that were confined in the adjoining enclosure, placed their fore feet against the wire netting, and standing on their hind legs, peeped over, crying:

"Ma—ha—ha! mu—uh—uh!" while the way that London Bob hung on to the sea-lion and lashed the dirty water of the tank was a caution.

At length our hero grabbed the animal by the tail and succeeded in hauling it out of the water, while the critter, almost played out, gasped and panted like a human being.

"Blawst yer!" cried Bob. "Vere's der blooming 'andkerchief?"

At that juncture an attendant elbowed his way through the crowd, shouting:

"Here, you thundering fool! what are you doing with that sea-lion?"

"Oh, ax me donkey!" yelled the cockney.

"Dis blawsted mermaid 'as played 'ell with me."

"Here, you just come out of that, and go with me to the police-station," snarled the man.

"Per—leece sta—tin?" replied the boy. "Not much, me blooming bloke," with which he let the sea-lion slide, and clambered the opposite rail, behind which the cashmere goats, tired of standing on their hind legs, were lying ready for anything that might come over to them.

Landing between the animals, Bob paused in order to pull on his soaking shoes, when one of the billy-goats leveled its shaggy head, and butted him in the rear.

Ere he recovered from this, the other goat gave him a ram in the stomach.

"Ere—ell!" he moaned, scrambling back on the fence. "Wot der blazes are yer 'itting me fur, hey?"

CHAPTER XVI.

GOING TO GILMORE'S GARDEN.

FORTUNATELY for London Bob, the keeper of the goats came to his rescue, and drove the animals away, leaving our hero perched on the fence, and alternately rubbing his stomach and back.

"How do yez feel, chum?" grinned Jemmy.

"Did thim ould goats hit hard?"

"It 'ard!" moaned Bob. "S'elp me tater, I don't know vether I'm on my 'ead or on my 'eels."

"Ha—ha—ha!" roared the crowd, while the menagerie attendant, who saw that our hero had been imposed upon, demanded:

"What the deuce made you get over the railing for, hey?"

Still rubbing his stomach with one hand, and holding on with the other, Bob said:

"Vy, Miss McGlyn dropped her 'andkerchief inter der mermaid's cage, an' I vent ter git it, ven der blawsted boojum attacked me, and tried ter bite my 'and."

"Here," chuckled the man; "you clear out, and go home."

"Yer won't jug me, hey?" suspiciously demanded our hero.

"Don't you worry; we don't arrest every fool who comes along," said the man. "Here, come down off that fence; you're drawing a crowd."

Bob cautiously glanced around, then inquired in a whisper:

"Is thim blawsted billy-goats gone?" and, being assured that they were secured, descended from his perch, then, amid the jeers of the spectators, started across the greensward.

The fact was he mistrusted the keeper, fearing that the latter meant to lock him up.

Poor Bob; he was always too smart.

"Come back!" shouted the man; but our hero kept right on towards a clump of trees, behind which a pair of bisons were calmly chewing their cud, and thinking of their home on the distant prairie.

They were mangy-looking, sullen brutes.

On walked Bob, at every step the water squirting out of the top of his boots, and oozing from his garments.

"Come back!" bawled Jemmy.

"Come ba-ack!" screamed Sammy.

"Come, oh, come back!" piped the ladies; but on he went, muttering:

"Dern yer! ye've fooled Bob too often. I'm fly now."

Then he hove in sight of the bisons, which upon seeing him, arose, shook their rusty hides, lowered their curly heads, sniffed and began to paw the ground, whereupon he murmured: "Oh, s'elp me tater! I'm be blowed! wot rum sort ov cows!" then, as though fearing to make a noise, he arose upon tiptoe and was stealing towards the fence, when the animals started for him.

"Run, Bob, run!" screamed the ladies; and you bet, he got, his long limbs twinkling as he scooted for safety.

Just as he reached the fence the leading bison inserted his horn in our hero's pants, and tossing its head sent Bob flying, landing him in a clump of thorny bushes on the other side of the inclosed path.

"By George!" he murmured, as Jemmy and the rest of the party came to his assistance. "Take me 'ome! If this is coming h'out fur pleasure, give me breakin' stones!"

Bob left the Central Park with no desire to return to it, while Miss McGlyn whispered to Jemmy:

"Don't you think you've been too hard on him?"

"Hard!" grinned the scamp; "sure, an' wasn't his ancistors harrud on mine! I'll let up on him, allana, when he's out av me reach!"

Bob was tough, and a bath and some court-plaster soon made him feel as good as new.

"Won't you go with us to Gilmore's Garden to-night?" said Jemmy, who was itching to play another trick on the cockney; "all the rifle teams are to be there."

"No blooming lawks, hey?" demanded Bob. "No h'old goats or thingumeys butting around—hey?"

"Oh, no," gravely replied the scamp; "it's a first-class place—music and all that; yez must come, me bhoy."

"My clothes is h'all vet," said our hero; "I ain't got no change fit ter wear."

"Go dressed as a lady for a lark," suggested his tormentor; "Mrs. Squeezum will lend you a suit."

After much persuasion Bob agreed, and borrowing a chignon and dress from his landlady, was presently "made up" as a woman, and on his way to the world-renowned gardens.

He looked somewhat homely, but having a smooth face, strongly resembled a newly-landed English servant-girl.

Everything went all right until Pat Gilmore's band played "God save the Queen," when forgetting his disguise, Bob arose, lager-beer mug in hand, crying:

"Three cheers for Queen Victoria! Hip—hip! hew—raw!" whereupon Jemmy pulled him back into his chair, saying:

"Be quiet, yez derned fool!"

"No! S'elp me tater, I von't!" shouted our hero. "I'm a h'Englishman, I h'am! Three cheers for Queen Victoria. By George, I'm a Queen's man to the backbone!"

"Police!" cried one spectator.

"Turn her out!" roared another.

"Bounce her!" yelled a third. "She's drunk!"

Hearing this, Bob mounted on the table, and rolling up his sleeves, said:

"Look ahea, me keoves, if yer thinks yer goin' ter put down Queen Victoria vhen London Bob is around, yer blawsted mistaken! Now, if any ov yer toffs vants yer 'eads punched, jes' step h'up!"

"Ya—har!" jeered the crowd. "Bounce her, she's tight!"

"Oh, yer h'ain't goin' ter bounce Bobby!" he continued. "I'm a goin' 'ome in a day or two, but afore I goes, I would like ter punch a h'Ammerikin's 'ead! Now, von't yer step h'up, von ov yer?"

"Seize him!" shouted the manager, to a squad of police, and ere poor Bob knew where he was, they had him by the head and heels, and carried him off to the police-station.

"Oh, blawst it!" he groaned, as he landed in a dark room. "Dis is another of dat blooming Jemmy's sells!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BOB IS BAILED BY AN ALDERMAN.

"YES, I'll go 'ome," he muttered, as he wiped his heated brow; "h'Ammerica's no place for a h'Englishman, s'elp me tater!"

As he was musing over this, the cell door was opened, and a cop thrust in his head, saying:

"Come out. You're bailed."

"Vot?" cried the boy, "bailed? Who der 'ell vill bail London Bob?"

"Alderman O'Brien," replied the officer, adding: "You're in luck, young man."

Upon reaching the police justice's room, our hero found Jemmy and a stout, murderous-looking individual, who was evidently "some pumpkins," for the coppers treated him with great civility.

After the usual preliminaries, Bob found himself discharged on bail, and joining his friend Jemmy, said:

"Vot der blazes does dis all mean, eh? Whose dat rum-looking bloke dat has bailed me?"

"Hush!" ejaculated Jemmy, raising his forefinger so as to warn the cockney not to be too free with his tongue. "Dat's me third cousin on me father's side—Ignatius O'Sullivan O'Brien—he's an alderman, at laste, he was wan, some years ago. He kin do anything in dis ward."

"H'alderman!" murmured our hero, whose ideas of an alderman were thoroughly English. "S'elp me tater, I should 'ave taken him fur der keeper of a lager beer saloon."

"Sure, an' yez have hit it," grinned the boy. "Come along to his place before it closes."

And away they went, presently finding themselves in O'Brien's saloon.

There was nothing proud about the alderman, who served them with two schooners of lager and took the nickels just like any other man.

Bob was puzzled.

"What are yez dramein' about?" inquired Jemmy.

"S'elp me tater!" replied our hero, "h'America licks me. Vy, in h'England a h'alderman would no more think ov bailing h'out a bloke den ov flying. By George! I begin ter like your customs. A cove is a cove here, an' a bloke is a bloke, no matter vether he 'as money or not. Dis is a blawsted fine country, yer know."

"Yes," nodded Jemmy; "didn't I always tell yez so! If ye'll only drop yer consate of England, and take to American ways, yez would like it all the better."

"I cawn't," sighed Bob, draining his beer. "My 'ead's full of h'English h'ideas, an' I'm too h'old to learn," adding, "I guess I'll go 'ome."

"Oh, you must stay and go to the grand clam bake on Coney Island," suggested Jemmy. "If you go back to England without eating baked clams, folks won't believe that you've been here."

"Klams!" ejaculated Bob. "Vot the 'ell are klams?"

"They're a shell-fish," grinned Jemmy.

"Like h'oysters?" demanded his chum.

"No," chuckled the other.

"Like mussels?" said our hero.

"No," laughed Jemmy. "That is, they're white inside an' out, an' so good that when once you taste 'em yez will niver lave the bake until yez stomach's full."

"S'elp me tater, I'll go," cried Bob.

"Do you want tickets?" inquired the alderman; "I have a few left."

"Yes," nodded Bob. "Give me six reserved seats."

"How?" grinned the man. "Reserved seats fur a clam bake?"

"Vell, yer see," responded Bob, "I'd like to ax Mr. an' Mrs. Squeezum, an' Sammy an' Miss

McGlyn; then dere's me ole chum, Jemmy, here, though he's a h'awful von ter sell me. I vant him ter go."

"Oh, bejabbers, I'll be dere ven der startin' bell rings," laughed the scamp.

"There's yer reserved seats," chuckled the alderman, handing our hero six tickets, printed as follows:

"GRAND SOCIAL CLAM BAKE.

U. F. B. O. U. S. O. A.

August 12, 1876, Martin's Wharf, East River,

Per Steamship O'Donovan Rossa.

All aboard at eight A. M.

IGNATIUS O'SULLIVAN O'BRIEN,

Treasurer and Secretary."

As the man delivered the pasteboards, Jemmy winked at him, saying:

"This will tickle de b'hoys."

"Yis," nodded the alderman. "I'll put 'em up to it."

"Come along, Bob," observed the scamp, and away they started for the boarding-house.

Now the fact was the clam bake had been got up by the United Fenian Brotherhood of the United States of America, and Jemmy knew that in introducing London Bob there would be a lively racket, as the Cockney swore by the queen.

The next day he repaired to the alderman's, and the two put up a joke on our hero as follows:

Every one on board was to be told that Bob was an English spy, but warned not to say or do anything to him until the alderman gave the signal.

To our hero's astonishment the ladies declined to go, saying:

"We don't hold with Coney Island!" so, in their stead, Bob invited two of the gentlemen boarders.

"Wear yez Cintinnial hat, me bhoys," suggested Jemmy; but the other resolutely refused, saying:

"I'm goin' ter keep dat 'at ter go 'ome in!"

At length the morning arrived, and Jemmy piloted Bob and his other guests down to the wharf, where a number of Fenians were already assembled; then, under pretense of seeking Alderman O'Brien, quitted him and did not turn up again until they arrived at Coney Island.

After amusing themselves bathing, etc., the clambakers assembled in order to see the bivalves roasted, Bob making himself conspicuous by his blowing and ignorance.

"By George!" he cried. "So dem blawsted vite things is klams? S'elp me tater! I thought dey vos cockles!"

He did not notice that everybody scowled at him, and that beside Mr. Squeezum and his two guests, no one spoke to him.

The day was warm, or rather, hot, and the party were thirsty; so whiskey and lager were freely imbibed, and Bob soon became what he termed "swipey."

About two P. M., Alderman O'Brien gave the signal to uncover the steaming bivalves, whereupon the fun began.

"Bob!" said Jemmy, thrusting an envelope into our hero's hand, "when the bake is over mount dat color in your hat!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOB MOUNTS THE ORANGE COCKADE.

EVERYBODY was so much engaged in procuring bowls of baked clams that no one noticed Jemmy's act, and London Bob, who was as eager as any of the crowd, did not stop to examine the contents of the envelope.

"By George!" he ejaculated, "klams is good;" then, sitting down, worked steadily until he felt as full of bake as an egg is of meat.

When the gorge was over, the crowd retired to a platform, erected near by, and everybody but our hero, donned a green badge.

Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth the envelope, and opening it, discovered an orange-colored rosette, which he immediately hoisted, then at a wink from Jemmy, mounted the platform.

Now, Bob was so green in experience, that he had no more idea of the meaning of his orange symbol than a jackass has of singing.

In London he had risen early and gone to bed late, but had only attended to his business, and having no religion, had never troubled himself about the "orange and green" rows that occasionally agitated his friends; in fact, was so conceited that he thought he knew all worth know-

ing, and was utterly indifferent to anything not concerning the costermonger business.

As he mounted to the platform, the assembled brotherhood gave three groans, followed by a furious yell, such as only Irishmen can give.

To their astonishment, Bob joined in, groaning and yelling like a good fellow.

"Turn the spy out!" yelled one. "Mash his head!"

"Turn 'im h'out!" screamed our hero. "Mash 'is 'ead!"

"Bust his mug!" roared another. "Shoot his hat!"

"Bust 'is mug!" chorused Bob. "Shoot 'is 'at!"

"Kill the cursed traitor!" bawled a third.

"Yes," shouted the unconscious cockney; "kill der cuss ov a waiter!"

"Silence!" thundered the presiding officer, but the boys wouldn't have it, and after vainly endeavoring to quiet them, the chairman cried: "What do you want?"

"Chuck him over—shoot the spy!" they roared, while Bob grinned and yelled in concert:

"Yes; shewt der bloke! Vere is he?" yelled the boy.

At length, seeing our hero's ribbon, the officer thus addressed him:

"Young man, are you a spy?"

"Are yer speakin' ter me?" inquired Bob, beginning to regard the scowling, angry faces around him with alarm.

"Yes," replied the chairman. "What do you mean by wearing that color in your hat?"

Just then a dead cat came whack against Bob's tile, then a clump of grass struck him on the nose, after which the crowd gave another ferocious yell.

Taking the orange ribbon from his tile, he held it out at arm's length, the boys howling and roaring until they were hoarse, when he thus addressed them:

"S'elp me tater, me keovies, I don't keer fur dis blawsted color. If Jemmy O'Brien 'adn't a give it me I shouldn't ha' vore it. Seems ter me yer don't like der blooming thing?"

"Yar—har—har!" yelled the crowd; "to blazes with it."

Pitching it among them, Bob continued:

"L ook ahea, me keovies, a lawk is a lawk, yer know; but if that color means h'enny disrespect ter h'enny ov yer blokes, I'm sorry. I h'apologize."

"Bravo!" cried the chairman, who wished to avoid a row, "this young man is no spy," whereupon Bob spread out his hands, and, lowering his big head, winked knowingly at them, saying:

"Wot! me a spy? S'elp me tater, yer don't know Bob. Vy, I'm h'English ter der backbone."

"Ah—a—a!" once more yelled the excited crowd. "Pitch him over—kill him—knife ther English spy!"

Bob scratched his big jaw, and regarded them ruefully; then, as one man, more furious than the rest, climbed the platform, and endeavored to get at him, said:

"Vot the 'ell kin I do?"

"Shout Ireland forever!" cried the chairman, thrusting a green ribbon into his hands. "Shout and stick that in your caubeen."

Bob inserted the rosette in the band of his hat, then bellowed:

"Ireland furever, 'raw!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd, who, by that time, began to understand that somebody had played a joke upon him, after which the band struck up "The Wearing of the Green."

When the music ceased, the chairman said in a loud voice:

"Our guest, London Bob, will address the meeting." Then, tipping him the wink, whispered: "Go ahead, me boy, and tell them how you came by that ribbon."

Bob waited until silence was restored; then, grinning at the now merry faces below him, said:

"Look ahea, friends, this is h'all a blawsted sell ov my chum, Jemmy O'Brien's. He's always a havin' lawks wid me. It was him who slipped that orange bow inter my 'and, sayin': 'Bob, mount dat color in yer 'at.'"

"Where's Jemmy O'Brien?" shouted a hundred voices, but Jemmy was out of their reach, he having left for New York about a quarter of an hour before.

In order to make up for their rude behavior, the boys insisted upon treating Bob, so, by the time he quitted Coney Island, he was, to use his own words, "h'as 'appy h'as a h'emperor."

The next morning he arose with a rousing headache, and descending to the dining-room, sought for Jemmy.

"He's gone to church," said Mrs. Squeezum,

adding: "My husband told me of the trick he put up on you at the clam bake."

"Trick," murmured Bob, sucking down a big draught of water. "Yes;" then, as he leaned his face upon his hand, continued: "By George, I ain't revengeful, but, s'elp me tater, afore I go 'ome, I'll punch Jemmy O'Brien's 'ead!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"NO USE GETTING MAD WITH HIM."

BOB's eyes were open, and he saw that he had been the dupe of the merry scamp, Jemmy.

"Yes, I'll punch 'is blooming 'ead," he muttered. "I see h'ith' all. I've been a h'ass an' a fool. I thought I vos v'at dese h'Americans call h'awful smart, but he's wired me each time, so 'elp me blessed never."

Mrs. Squeezum gave him a nice hot cup of tea, and our hero gradually felt more comfortable.

One by one the boarders vanished to attend some service, leaving Bob alone.

As the clock struck ten, Jemmy O'Brien entered the house and ascended to his room.

"Now fur it, me blooming boojum," thought our hero. "Nobody is in, and either you shall punch my blawsted nut, or I vill yours."

Then, with set lips, he mounted to the scamp's room.

In lieu of finding the boy smiling, Bob discovered him seated in the depths of misery by a table.

"Oh," murmured Jemmy. "Oh! kin it be possible?"

Then, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child.

This was too much for the good-natured cockney.

Bob had a real noble heart, and the sight of distress always moved him.

"Ouch!" groaned Jemmy. "Oh, the murderin' villains!"

"Wot's h'up, h'old chap?" whispered Bob.

"Oh—oh!" moaned the young scamp, who was only pretending, in order to avoid a muss, and who wanted to play another trick on the Londoner. "Oh, my gracious, I shall never get over this."

"Jemmy, h'old keovie," said Bob, kindly, placing his hand upon the other's shoulder, "who's dead?"

Raising his contorted face, Jemmy howled:

"To think av it, the poor crayter; yisterday he was alive and frisky, and now—boo-hoo-hoo!" here he once more buried his face in his hands and made believe to weep.

"Oh, kim, h'old chap, don't take on like dat," said Bob; "what did der bloke die of?"

"He was bull—bull—bull-doed!" sobbed the other, almost breaking out into a roar of laughter.

"Bull-doed?" ejaculated our hero; "vot der 'ell's dat? 'ung?"

"No—no—oo!" sobbed Jemmy; "worse thin that."

"I give it h'up," muttered Bob to himself. "this h'Amerikin language licks me!" Then turning to Jemmy, said: "Did he die sudden?"

"Ye—yes," said the young rascal; "he breathed his last just before I came in. Oh! boo-ho!" with which he once more indulged in a prolonged howl of woe.

"Chum of your'n?" sympathetically inquired Bob.

"Ye—yes," sobbed Jemmy; "he always wagged his tail when he saw me coming." Then, averting his face, choked down a rising laugh.

"Vagged his bloomin' tail?" snarled Bob, rising angrily. "Look 'ere, Jemmy, are yer tryin' ter cod me again?"

"No—no—oo," said the scamp, cleverly imitating a choke of sorrow. "If yez had known the crayter yez would understand me grafe."

"Look a-hea," growled our hero, peeling off his coat. "Vot vos he, anyhow—a dorg?"

"No—oo," said Jemmy, then, as though overcome with grief, averted his face and moaned.

Bob looked suspiciously at him for awhile, then said:

"Jemmy, yer've let me in so often dat I begin ter suspect everything yer sav. Ain't yer a humbuggin' ov me now, hey? W'ot has bin bull-doed, hey?"

Jemmy pretended to wipe his eyes, then turned his serious face toward Bob, and in a quivering voice, replied:

"The Widdy Flannigan's goat. Oh, me bboy, we shall niver look upon his loike agin. He was bulldozed through aifin' a pisinous poster;" with

which he winked at his victim, adding: "Sowld agin, me bhoy. Ha—ha—ha!"

Advancing with his sleeves rolled up, and his hands in pugilistic position, Bob squared off at Jemmy, shouting:

"Kum on—kum on, blawst yer; either yer punches my 'ead, or I will yourn;" but the scamp only threw himself on the bed and roared with laughter.

In vain Bob begged and prayed, punched and swore, nothing would induce Jemmy to fight, so our hero gave it up, and retired, saying:

"S'elp me tater, I never kim across sich a bloke."

It was no use getting mad with Jemmy.

At dinner-time Mrs. Squeezum endeavored to make them shake hands, but Bob would not.

When the meal was over, Jemmy turned to our hero, right before all the boarders, saying:

"Bob, old man, our old ship, of the White Ball Line, is in; arrived this morning. Shall we go down and take a look at her?"

His voice was so merry, and his face so smiling, that our hero could not resist him, and in ten minutes they were in a car bound for the steamer's pier.

"I mean ter go 'ome in her," said Bob, as they descended from the vehicle. "I don't blame yer, Jemmy, for playin' tricks on me. I kim out 'ere full of h'ideas that I could teach you fellers how ter do things; but I've bin sucked in h'awful."

"Bless yez," winked Jimmy, "I've done it fur yer good, me bhoy; yez will go home twice as sharp as yez come out."

After inspecting the ship, and picking out his berth for the return voyage, they watched some boys and men bathing from a raft, moored inside the wharf.

"Say," murmured Bob, "it's h'awful 'ot, hain't h'it?"

"Yea," nodded Jemmy; "want a swim? I'll have one, too."

Now the young rascal knew that if the police caught them they would be arrested; but he was determined to put a parting trick on to Bob; so leading the way off the ship, he descended to the raft, then walking before his companion, on the cross-ties under the pier, said:

"Yez undriis first an' I'll hould yer togs while yez hev a swim."

"Right yer are!" ejaculated the other; then, stripping himself, handed his garments to Jemmy and plunged into the water.

CHAPTER XX.

OUR HERO GIVES JEMMY "TIT FOR TAT."

AFTER permitting Bob to swim about for awhile, Jemmy stowed his chum's garments in a hiding-place among the timbers overhead; then, ascending on the other side of the wharf, looked around for a policeman.

It so happened that, the weather being hot, the captain of the precinct had instructed the officer on duty upon the wharf not to arrest bathers unless they advanced beyond a certain line, where the boys could be seen by people passing on the ferryboats.

So when Jemmy hinted to a cop, who was busily engaged fanning himself with his hat, that his presence was required down the wharf, the man merely told him to go to a warmer place than New York in August.

Not seeing his chum, and fearing some trick, London Bob emerged from the water; then, addressing a small boy who was fishing under the wharf, said:

"Where's der bloke gone with my clothes?"

"He stowed 'em away up there," replied the other, pointing to a sort of shelf where Jemmy had hidden the garments.

"Oh, dat's yer blooming game, hey, Mr. Jem?" murmured Bob.

Then, as his body was dry, he scrambled into his clothes, and directed by the young angler, followed his chum, arriving by him as the latter was renewing his conversation with the officer.

"Say, mister," urged Jemmy, "dere's a couple av dozen fellers in de water, an' none av thim have a rag on dey're backs."

"All right," puffed the heated cop; "I can see; there is no one but a small boy in now."

"Oh, sure an' yez are mistaken," grinned the scamp. "Dere's a big-headed Englishman sloshin' about, an' sayin' he don't care a continental dern far all de coppers in New York."

Bob hid himself. The conversation interested him.

"Oh, go to blazes," snarled the officer; so,

finding that he could not put up a job on our hero, the young monkey walked down the wharf.

Emerging from his place of concealment, Bob addressed the officer, saying:

"Look here, Mr. Sergint, has dat keovie bin tryin' ter git yer ter arrest me?"

"I guess he was trying to put up a joke on you," said the cop. "I know him, though he don't me. He's the derndest young joker in New York. I believe that if his father was alive he'd think nothing ov selling the old man a purp."

"He's sold me *se-verial* big uns!" grinned our hero. "I'd like to sell him von afore I go 'ome!"

"Well, you get him to enter the water, then I'll scare him," said the good tempered cop.

Bob slipped around by the backside of the wharf; then, walking along the under beam, emerged upon the floating stage, whereupon Jemmy, who had hunted for him everywhere, and who was standing on the wharf above, cried:

"Where yez bin, chum?"

"Lookin' for yer!" chuckled Bob. "Say, der vorters 'eavenly! It cools yer 'ead stunning! Von't yer 'ave a dip?"

"Ye-a!" nodded Jemmy, descending to the stage. "Yez found yer clothes all right, I see!"

Bob nodded, saying:

"Yes, I diskivered 'em where yer placed 'em so securely! Much obliged ter yer, Jemmy!"

"Don't mention it," returned the young monkey, peeling off his togs. "Yez needn't trouble yezself to moind me things, Bob. Dey'll be all safe here."

"All right!" nodded the cockney. "I von't take care of 'em!"

In Jemmy plunged, and no sooner was he out of sight than Bob rolled up the wag's clothes in a bundle and walked off home with them; leaving his former tormentor swimming around and chuckling to think how nicely he had fooled the blawsted Britisher.

When the boy had amused himself awhile the police officer arose and sauntered down the wharf, whereupon the lads on the lookout, shouted:

"Scoot—cop-pers!"

Turning in his swim, Jemmy grasped a rope trailing from the raft, and hauled himself in, hand over hand, landing just as the officer arrived on the end of the wharf.

"Here, you," he cried. "Put on your clothes, and come along with me," saying which, he lowered himself down upon the stage and made a dive at the bather.

Eluding his grasp, the boy darted under the wharf and began to fumble overhead for his clothes, shouting:

"Bob, where are yez?"

"I'll Bob you," said the cop, rushing along the beam and grabbing him.

"Will yez, bedad," howled Jemmy, inserting his foot between the officer's limbs and tumbling with him into the muddy water.

Unfortunately for the boy, the officer was an expert swimmer, so he soon had Jemmy on the stage, and, finding that the lad's clothes were gone, obtained a sack from the wharf; then, making a hole in the bottom of the article, bade his prisoner put it on.

At first James objected, but finally, when the officer drew his club, yielded; bargaining, however, that holes for his arms should be made in the side of the sack.

"Rah!" cried the small boy, who had seen Jemmy stow away Bob's clothes, "Rah-ah-ah!"

"Rah-rah!" yelled the mob of boys and girls, which rapidly collected on the wharf.

Many of the crowd knew Jemmy, and, as he had played most of them a trick, they felt amused to see him let in by some one.

He looked awfully comical in his sacked suit.

"Halloo!" cried one girl. "Why, Jemmy O'Brien, how splendid you are in the costum."

"Who's yer tailor?" bawled another. "Nick-hells?"

"Shewt that coat," roared a big bully.

"Ah, sold at last, Jemmy!" cried a cheeky newsboy. "Say, sonny, won't yer le'me give yer bewts a polish?"

Jemmy marched off with the officer, looking like a thunder-cloud on a summer day, and as he left the wharf, was heard to murmur:

"Wait until I meets yez agin, Mister London Bob!"

CHAPTER XXI.

A REAL LIVELY MILL.

WHEN he was lodged in the cell, Jimmy wrote a note to Mr. Squeezum, begging him to bring him a suit of clothes and to come and bail him.

"I'll go an' take 'em to 'im," said Bob, who had not mentioned a word about his trick.

"Just as well," observed Mrs. Squeezum, who did not like her husband to go near a police headquarters. "Squeezum ain't got no property, so he can't go bail for Jemmy."

"All serene," grinned Bob, and soon he was on his way to his chum's prison.

After a little delay, the sergeant on duty ordered the prisoner to be brought out, and presently Jemmy made his appearance.

He looked so ridiculous in his sack overcoat that Bob could not avoid sniggering; this made his chum mad.

"Jemmy," said our hero, "I've brought yer togs fur yer."

"So I see," growled the boy. "What made yez walk off wid 'em, eh?"

"Me?" ejaculated Bob. "Oh, s'elp me tater. Vy, Jemmy, h'old cove, yer don't think as 'ow I'd go and play a trick on yer, do yer? Here's yer bundle, me boy. What'll yer take fur yer sack suit?"

Jemmy received the package, then said:

"Look here, London Bob, yez wanted to foight dis mornin', didn't yez?"

"Vell," grinned our hero, "I vas rawther vaxy, s'elp me tater; but I've bull-dozed yer since, Jemmy, an' don't feel so h'anxious to punch yer 'ead—savvey?"

"Yez jis look out fur yez ugly mug when I come out," said the boy, retreating to his cell.

"H'all right," laughed Bob. "My 'eads as 'ard as yourn," then, turning, quitted the place.

At the back of Mrs. Squeezum's house was a yard piled with old crockery, a disused rabbit-hutch, and a variety of other rubbish, while in the center was a rain-water cistern, the cover of which projected about a foot above the ground.

Now the woodwork was rotten; so the next morning when Bob surveyed the place, he said to himself:

"If we has our mill 'ere, ve must awoid this 'ere, or ve shall go through."

About seven o'clock, just as Mrs. Squeezum's boarders were at the breakfast table, Jemmy arrived at home.

He had been bailed by his relative, the ex-alderman, and in those cases bailing meant an end of the matter.

With all his faults he wasn't a bad fellow. True, he didn't think much of serving Bob rather "ugly tricks," but then we must remember that he had always been taught to look upon a Saxon as fair game, and as the Cockney had laid himself out, and deserved a good deal of what he got, we must not blame Jemmy for "going the whole hog," only, when Bob turned the tables on him, he ought to have kept his temper.

Striding into the room where our hero was calmly taking his breakfast, Jemmy shouted:

"Come into de back yard, ye bull-headed Britisher, and let me give yez an Irish stew."

"Oh, don't fight!" screamed Miss McGlyn, throwing her arms about Bob's neck. "Don't, oh, don't!"

Releasing himself and arising, our hero smiled, and begging the boarders to go on with the meal, winked at Jemmy, saying:

"H'all right, h'old cockalorum. I'm ready ter punch yer blawsted 'ead," then followed him in to the yard.

Both lads were spoiling for a fight.

Deserting the table *en masse*, the boarders crowded to the back windows, and settled themselves to enjoy the fun.

Jemmy's "Irish was up" as he termed it, and taking off his coat, he trailed it before Bob, shouting:

"Trid on it, ye spalpeen! Trid on it, an' I'll knock yez big head off yez ugly showlders!" meantime his opponent was calmly peeling for the fray.

"Oh, I hope Mr. Bob will win," piped Miss McGlyn, from the second floor back window, when Sammy, who wasn't quite so anxious about it, placed his arm about her waist and whispered:

"Sh!"

To the amusement of the spectators Bob began to "walk around and show his muscle," moving from left to right, as Jemmy, still trailing his coat, danced backwards the other way, frantically exclaiming:

"Come on, ye big-headed galoot! Come on, yez bull-purp yez, I'm ready; come on, ye miserable crayther, ye, an' trid on the tail ov me coat!" while Bob danced around, and sparring at an imaginary enemy, grinned and cried:

"Van't yer 'ed punched, hay? Kim on, me keovie. I'll knock der bog-stuffin' an' pertatoes out ov yer. Kim on, blawst yer, I kin punch yer 'ead!"

There is no telling how long this preliminary

biz might have lasted had not Bob accidentally placed his foot on Jemmy's garment, when in an instant, the boy let drive, catching our hero a rap on the conk, and landing him on top of the rabbit-hutch, which was immediately reduced to kindling.

"Round the first!" shouted Mr. Squeezum, who like most timid men, affected to admire the prize ring. "Time!"

Starting to his feet, Bob put up his hands and advanced towards Jemmy, upon which the latter ducked his bullet-head, and rushing at his foe, endeavored to ram him in the stomach; seeing which our hero dodged, and Jem dashed his nut clean through the end of an empty packing-case that stood in the opposite corner, cutting his face and bruising his nose.

"Round the second! First blood for—the packing-case!" bawled Squeezum, while Bob assisted his opponent to free himself from the broken wood.

"Bravo!" cried the boarders. "'Rah!"

"Look 'ere, Jemmy," whispered the good-natured fellow. "Mind that there cistern-cover;" when Squeezum once more shouted:

"Time!"

At it they went again, ding-dong, then, as Jemmy got a "belter" in on Bob's chest, our hero fell back on to the cistern-lid, and crashing through, vanished from sight.

CHAPTER XXII.

BOB BUCKS THE TIGER.

WHEN Bob sank out of view, Jemmy's anger cooled, and kneeling upon the ground he peered into the hole, moaning:

"My God! he will be drowned."

As he uttered these words, our hero's face emerged from the aperture and Bob, giving one of his comical grins, said:

"S'elp me tater, dis is a bigger blawsted sell den that lake in der Centennial groun ds! 'Ere, 'elp me out, Jemmy?"

The other lost no time in assisting him, and soon London Bob was once more on dry land.

"Are yez hurt, old man?" said his opponent, in such a kind voice that Bob forgot all his anger.

"'Urt?" grinned the other; "vy, no," adding, as he pointed to the slime upon his person, "I h'aint 'urt, Jem, but I stinks like 'ell! Dat blawsted cistern ain't been cleaned h'out since it vas made."

"Pew-gh!" cried the spectators. "Wewgh, what a horrid smell!"

"It's me, ladies," chuckled Bob. "Der cistern is full of soft mud, an' I've stirred it h'up."

The ladies wisely retired.

"Bob," murmured Jemmy, "shake hands, me bhoey. Yez a brick. I'll never play yez any more tricks."

"Jemmy," said our hero, giving his chum his paw, "dere's me 'and, me boojum. I forgive yer; but yer shan't never play no more lawks on Bob, fur I'll go 'ome on Vensday."

Jemmy assisted him to wash the stuff off his clothes, and, after awhile, contrived to get them pretty clean; but to this day the Cockney says:

"Der bloomin' togs smells ov dat h'old cistern."

When he had changed his garments, Bob finished his breakfast, after which, declining all company, he started out and wandered down Broadway.

Scarcely had he gone ten blocks ere he encountered a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, who, bowing politely, said:

"You are a stranger here?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"From England?" inquired the sport, for such was the man's profession.

"Yes," grinned Bob. "I cum h'over 'ere ter see der Centennial."

"Would you like to buck the tiger a little?" inquired the man.

"Vy, vot der 'ell's dat?" chuckled the Cockney, adding: "I've been chucked by a wild cow, an' 'ad a rough an' tumble with a sea lion; but I don't know nothing about tigers."

"Oh, ours is not an animal," smilingly returned the sport. "It's a faro bank. Come in and try your luck?"

Now, like most Cockneys, Bob had heard of gorgeous gambling dens in London, and was desirous of seeing something of the sort, so he followed the runner-in, saying:

"I needn't play unless I like, hey?"

"Certainly not," replied the man, leading the way towards an elegant brown-stone-fronted

house, on — street, and giving a peculiar rap on the door, which opened as though of its own accord.

The man piloted him up the handsomely-carpeted stairs, and ushered Bob into the first floor, a grandly-decorated and furnished suite, in which were a faro-table and a crowd of persons gambling.

Our hero watched until he became somewhat acquainted with the game, when he felt an irresistible desire to try his luck.

"Come and take a glass of fizz," whispered the man who had conducted him in, then, adjourning to a side board, they ate some lobster salad and drank several goblets of champagne.

Poor, foolish Bob. All the money he had in the world was a hundred and fifty dollars.

"Won't you try a little flutter?" inquired his tempter. "They're going to play rouge-et-noir. That is a French nobleman," pointing to a foreign-looking gentleman. "He, like yourself, has visited the Centennial. By-the-way, did you like it?"

"Vell, between h'ourselves," chuckled Bob, "I've 'ad my 'ead punched more since I've bin in h'America, than I h'ever 'ad in h'all my life in h'England," adding: "An' as fur 'ats, vy, s'elp me tater, der h'Exebition vos 'ell on 'em," with which he drew forth his wallet and approached the table where they had begun the new game.

The Frenchmen were piling up their gold pieces, and the croupier was paying out and raking in the coins.

There had been a run against red, and Bob, who, in his small way, had gambled at a similar game in London, saw a chance.

"Red!" he cried, planking down all his bills, which were immediately examined and counted.

It was a foolish, desperate move, and when he had done it, he turned to the man who had introduced him, saying:

"There goes my new moke an' barrer," but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the dealer shouted:

"Red wins! Six hundred dollars!"

"And 'em h'over!" nervously ejaculated Bob, and in another instant he was counting his prize.

When he had satisfied himself that the money was genuine, he turned to the roper-in, saying,

"I guess I'll go, now. I've made more money than I 'ad at starting."

"You'll never leave this house alive, if you try it," muttered the man. "These sports here won't stand such a loss."

"Vot must I do, then?" whispered Bob. "Der money is mine."

"Stake again," said the fellow.

Drawing a hundred dollars from his pile, the Cockney laid it on the rouge, saying:

"Give us another; red vins, mister."

The other gamblers pressed forward, and the board was soon covered with gold and bills.

"Red wins—three hundred dollars," cried the man, when, just as Bob was thrusting his trembling hand forward to take the money, the doors were burst in, and the police entered, saying:

"The first person who moves will be shot."

"Oh, s'elp me tater," murmured the Cockney. "Vy didn't der cops wait until I 'ad collared my pile?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR HERO GOES 'OME.

THE police were so eager to secure the money and gambling apparatus, that they did not notice Bob enter what he thought was a closet, but which proved to be a dumb-waiter.

No sooner had he shut the door than down he shot, landing in the kitchen with a bang that smashed the waiter all to bits, and startled an old colored woman, who acted as the gambler's housekeeper.

"Who da'?" she yelled, seizing a rolling-pin, and advancing threateningly towards Bob. "Wa' yo' com' don' da' wa' fo'?"

Our hero arose, and after staring comically at her awhile, replied:

"Why, s'elp me tater, yer a niggeress, I mean a colored lady. Blow me ef I didn't take yer fur Ole Nick."

"Yo'—yo' look hea'," she ejaculated. "Wa' you mean by comin' down da' dum'-waiter, hev'?"

Giving one of his comical grins, he clapped on his hat, then, lowering his voice, said:

"Vere's der blooming back door ter dis establishment? Der cops is h'upstairs an' I'd advise yer ter slope."

"Cops," gasped the woman, "oh, me laady, dis way, chile," then led the way to the front basement door.

Luckily, the policeman on duty above was talking with a reporter, so they got away without being observed.

"Chile," said the old woman, as they turned to part, "yo' bin playin' policy?"

"Vell," chuckled Bob, "I dunno vot you cul—I mean dark h'Americans—call it, but der bloke as run me in, sed it vos buckin' der tiger. I've been bucked outer three hundred blooming dollars."

"Don' do it agin, chile," she said, placing her withered, black hand upon his arm. "Don' b'y, promise me dat?"

"I vont, s'elp me tater," he murmured, then hurried along the street and proceeded down Broadway, saying: "I've 'ad enough ov dis. I'll go 'ome. I've made money by coming h'over 'ere."

Presently, hailing a stage, he mounted beside the driver, and asking the man to drop him near the office of the White Ball Line, fell to chatting.

"Did yer hear the news?" inquired the whip.

"No," murmured Bob.

"They've pulled Jack Morrison's faro crib," said the man.

"Yer don't say," returned our hero; "vere hev dey pulled it to?"

"You must be awfully green," sneered the driver, who little thought that his fare had just escaped from the den.

Bob winked knowingly at him, then giving a low laugh, replied:

"Yes, by George! I h'am h'awful green, but I'm ripening fast. I'm beginning to learn h'American ways."

Upon arriving at the passenger office, he secured the berth he had selected, and inquired when he could go on board.

"To-morrow night," answered the clerk, adding: "Only you must not expect us to feed you until Wednesday noon."

Bob nodded, then quitting the office, sauntered to our publishing establishment, where he related his adventures up to date.

"You'll publish 'em, vill yer, commodore?" he observed to the writer of this.

"I'll write them," I replied.

"And we'll print them, Bob," said the proprietors; whereupon he turned, gave one of his dry laughs, and said:

"Oh, s'elp me tater, shawn't I be a toff ven I git me pictur in print."

How London Bob spent the Tuesday before his departure is a mystery to us; all we know being that, on the Wednesday, we, in company with several of the staff, proceeded to the pier of the White Ball Company, where we found our hero wearing his white Centennial hat, marked:

"1776—1876."

On the wharf, clustered about him, were Jemmy O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Squeezum, Sammy and Miss McGlyn.

"So you're off at last, Bob," we observed. "Well, you have learned something by coming to America."

"Yes," he grinned, "I've learned 'ow 'ard my blooming 'ead is."

"Bobby," said Jemmy, who really appeared sorry to part from his friend, "why don't yez stay an' settle here?"

"Vy, by George!" chuckled the cockney—"vy, becos I kin do a bloomin' sight better by goin' 'ome."

"I won't sell yez any more purps, me bhoey, if yez will stop," said Jemmy. "Come, stay here, and set up in biz. Say—we'll go west."

"No, ole buster," laughed Bob; "yer cawn't suck me in agin. I shall h'always like yer, Jemmy, but yer did sock der sells inter me 'ard."

Just then the bell on board the White Ball steamship began to clang, and we could hear the steward crying:

"All ashore as's goin' ashore."

"Good-by, Jemmy," murmured our hero.

"Good-by, old Bob," said his chum, adding, in an undertone: "No more sells, ole man."

Bob grinned worse than ever; then, taking a small, but heavy package from his pocket, handed it to Jemmy, saying:

"Partin' present, ole man. Don't h'open it until I've started—promise me."

"I promise yez," murmured Jemmy, and turning, headed a crowd of his friends, who had come to "hurraw" Bob.

"Good-by," he said to the ladies, kissing his little hand. "Good-by, commodore, and gentlemen all," shaking us heartily by the fin. "If

h'ever I has any more adventures I'll send 'em to you;" then, pointing with his thumb over his left shoulder towards Jemmy, whispered: "I've put der last sell onter me h'old chum," with which he nodded to us, and, slewing his Centennial hat over his left ear, slouched up the gangway plank, whistling "Home, Sweet Home."

The warps were cast off, and the noble ship slowly steamed ahead.

When last we saw and heard our hero he was standing near the fore-rigging, with his hat cocked Jakey-fashion, grinning at Jemmy and shouting:

"S'help me tater, I'm goin' 'ome!"

"'Rah—'rah!" yelled Jemmy, as the ship glided out into the stream. "'Rah—three cheers for London Bob!"

The craft was soon clear of all obstructions, and with the smoke rolling from her funnels in

two heavy clouds, went swiftly down the harbor.

As we were watching her, we overheard Jemmy's friends guying him, and turning, beheld the boy holding an open paper in his hand, on which rested a rusty old three-ounce weight.

"Sowld, be jabers," he moaned, then, approaching us, handed the following note to me, saying: "I thought the parcel contained a nice watch!"

Putting on my eye-glasses, I read as follows:

"To my Blooming Old Chum,

"JEMMY O'BRIEN. ESQUIRE.

"The Smartest Boy in New York.

"DEAR OLD COVE:—I could not leave America without selling you a parting purp. Good-by. S'elp me tater, I don't bear any ill-feeling, but, Jemmy, old man, consider yourself dis-

tanced on the homestretch by that blarsted Britisher.

"LONDON BOB."

* * * * *

A friend writes us from England, saying:

"Bob has purchased a new moke and barrer, and in honor of his visit to the States, has named his animal 'Jemmy,' while he has dubbed his vehicle 'The Centennial.'

"The other day I met him in Long Acre, and after asking a few questions, inquired:

"Well, Bob, what do you think of America? whereupon he scratched his jaw, and giving me a comical look, replied:

"Vell, h'America is a blooming fine country for blokes as is born dere, but, as fur myself, I vos always 'avin' my 'ead punched; so, for a steady thing, I say, give London Bob h'old h'England."

[THE END.]

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